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Photo *Lallie Charles*

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No. 162.—Vol. XIII.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday January 9, 1907

"What of the House of Lords?" asks Mr. Stead in the current *Review of Reviews*. Well . . . what?

* * *

Englishmen will be pleased, if a little startled, to know that January, 1907 (according to the Board of Trade returns), finds them in a state of extraordinary prosperity

* * *

King Peter's doctors, it is reported, give their Royal master but one or two years to live. Even Belgrade has its official optimists.

* * *

At a millionaire's New Year banquet at Chicago ten of the guests brought prize pigs with them to table. The animals wore ribbons in order to avoid any confusion with other guests.

* * *

The latest Koepenick hoax is the holding up of the traffic on the Galata Bridge, Constantinople, by two soldiers in the uniform of the Imperial Guard of Yildiz. The joke is that the men actually belonged to the regiment in question.

* * *

The Fireman's Joy: The season of fires

(With acknowledgments to the average Volunteer Fire Brigade)

By C. L. Vicary

The only thing lacking to the completeness of the recent snowfall—*i.e.* the discovery of a new disease caused thereby—was duly furnished by the *Mail*. We render due thanks for "kiniomania," which we shall take at the very next opportunity.

* * *

The plunging into darkness of a large West-End drapery shop, during the height of the Winter sales, might have had serious consequences had it not been for the timely presence of several bargain hunters with light fingers.

* * *

In being designated by Lord Hugh Cecil the leader of a new "Centre" party, Lord Rosebery becomes possessed of yet another future. His collection of these must now surpass that of any living man.

* * *

Lord Hugh is, by the way, quite surprised at the publicity given to the suggestion in question. "One might suppose this," he says to the *Tribune*, "to be the depth of the summer holiday, with myself as the sea-serpent." Bless his lordship's innocence! Fancy his supposing that, in our newspapers, the sea-serpent only appears in the depth of the summer.

A donkey performing at Hengler's Circus is descended, we learn, from an ass in the *entourage* of the Queen of Sheba on her famous visit to Solomon. Too seldom is the identity of an ancestor confessed in this candid fashion.

* * *

The donkey's friends, however, could have done better still. A little further research might have proved Balaam's riotous steed to have been its first great-grandparent.

* * *

Missing. — Jacques I^er^, Emperor of the Sahara. His whereabouts earnestly sought by his sorrowing navy (who is looking for his arrears of pay), by the Editor of the Saharan penny weekly, *Home Tchad*, and by Mr. Frederick Fenn, who is anxious for a talk with His Majesty on the subject of his new comic opera, *Oāsis*.

* * *

Tit-Bits seems to have struck quite a strong and fresh line with an article, "Is Shorthand Fatal to Business Success?" and there should be more of it. For the titles of following articles we would suggest—"Good Writing as the Road to Ruin"; "Why Keep Books?"; "Lives Lost through Ledgers"; "Is Correctness a Crime?"; and "Fortunes Made from Blots and Blunders." These would, in no time, treble our contemporary's circulation among clerks.

* * *

There is ever a certain freshness about the views of celebrities on subjects outside their own immediate spheres, and an article by Mr. Zancig, in *Pearson's Weekly*, on "Thought Reading," will attract wide attention.

* * *

The Tsar is rapidly falling into touch with Liberal ideas. He has abolished the Ministries of War and Marine.

* * *

A popular handbook on the House of Lords, containing 200 portraits, biographical mems, etc., of the peers (Pall Mall Press: 1*s*.), has a certain pathetic interest, and should be invaluable to obituary-writers, and other morbid persons.

The Decadence of the Bell

DECLINE AND FALL OF AN OLD-ESTABLISHED NOISE-MAKER

The Bell on the Door

The bell—the ding-dong bell, not the ting-a-ling bell—has fallen upon evil days. So great has been its decline in reputation of late years that it bids fair to pass into history solely because of its morbid, and quite irrelevant, association with pussy-in-the-well.

Bells—"pull" bells, not "push" bells—are rarely or never rung with any effect or dignity by modern man. Take, for instance, the absurd street-door bell of the old-fashioned type. You pull its clammy knob out of its rusty socket, let it go, and listen. No sound. You pull it a little further out, and listen again. Less sound. You lug it forcibly out of its socket to its fullest length, and let it fly like a catapult, and there is a slight tinkle-tinkle in the distant down below. This the servant either ignores altogether—thinking it's "merely mistress"—or suspects it to be the butcher—who can ring again. After your fourth and final paroxysm at the door, she will, perhaps, think that it's really somebody, and protrude an irritated, murky face from the "airy door," after which she will come and open.

The Bell in the Street

Sometimes you ring the bell from the street, which means that you have to pull down a malicious-looking trigger hitched on to the palings, invariably with worse results than even with the door bell.

The householders who put up two bells—for "Visitors" and "Servants"—are, or their ancestors were, or the people who built the house were, snobs of the most virulent order, as well as nuisances. To make out which is which, is in itself a sort of missing-letter contest, as the print is invariably half worn off.

An Impromptu Circus

Pathetic plight of little Miss Trixie, of Upper Tooting, who, just as she was starting for a fancy-dress ball, became the centre of an impromptu circus performance by pussy and a suddenly discovered mouse

Bells inside houses—click or bang bells, not touch and press bells—are equally faulty. The bell which you pull from a cord rarely rings. One of the bell-pulls at the side of the fireplace will be broken, the other limp to the verge of looseness. Bells you bang on tables hurt your fingers, and invoke bad language—but not the servant. I never knew a good-tempered household that used bang-bells at the table. They are a standing invitation to violence, whereas the press-bell pleads for gentleness and restraint.

The Egregious Gong

Gongs are musical instruments with a certain weird, Oriental fascination. As domestic utensils they are futile. Nobody has any faith whatsoever in the breakfast gong, neither you, nor your wife, nor your maidservant, nor the stranger within your gates. The only member of your household who may take a certain languid interest in them is your ass. When the gong goes, you, yourself, are shaving, your wife is adjusting her fringe-net. Your maid-servant, who has rung the gong, has done so only to remind herself that it's time to put the kettle on to boil. She knows perfectly well that you know perfectly well that it has nothing whatever to do with breakfast being ready. The stranger within your gates also knows this, and turns over to indulge in another five minutes in bed.

The muffin-man's bell incites nobody to take muffins, but you often wish it would incite somebody to take the muffin-man, especially on a Sunday afternoon in winter, when a doze is pleasant. If I want muffins in my household, I expect my domestic staff—who has now been with me exactly one month, and is, therefore, like one of ourselves—to have anticipated the fact, and purchased the things, together with their natural enemies—crumpets—at the bakers, and not from a noisy street bell-ringer, about whose ancestry, antecedents, and muffins I can know nothing.

The Church Chime

Church bells vary. One thing they don't do is to attract the wayward to church. Those who hear village chimes coming across the vale, or the lea, or through the woods, like them because of their distance, and the more distant they are the more they like them. You wander, rather, away from them, than towards them.

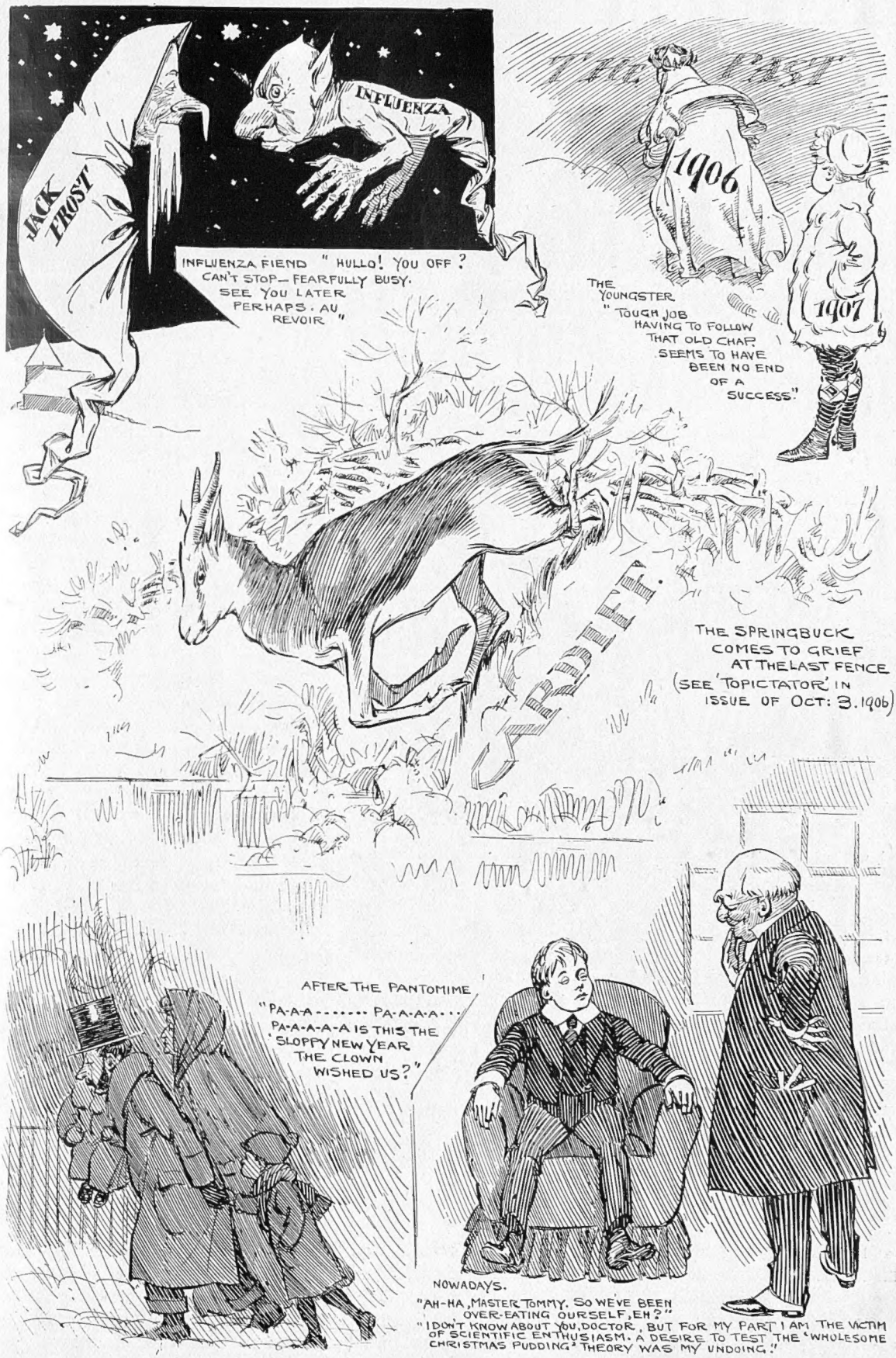
The clang of cathedral chimes, if old and mellowed, inspires one to keep outside and listen at a distance, not to go inside. But the monotone of the suburban tin-can bell is calculated to condone, rather than to convert, sin. If, however, it is designed to remind regular worshippers of the time of service, one is forced to point out that they want no such reminders of the time of theatres or entertainments. If watches and clocks guide them in such matters, why not as to church service? Or don't they work their timepieces on Sunday?

And the Bell of the Cyclist

The cyclist's bell, in these days of arrogant pedestrianism, is losing all the dread influence it once wielded. "Thank goodness," you mutter, on hearing it tinkle, without stopping or even looking round, "it's not a motor." The cyclist's bell no longer clears the street, and its chief use seems to be to remind the cyclist himself that he is passing, and to warn him to be careful. For my part, so noisy and so sustained is the clang of club-runs and cyclist-droves on the high road daily, that I only cross with caution when I hear no bells ringing, for then, I imagine, something unusual must be threatening.

V. C.

The Topictator



RACING NOTIONS

PROSPECTS OF THE HANDICAPS. BY "CARBINE"

The Promise of Sport Ahead

The entries that appear in January give, like the flowers of Spring, promise of merry sunshine, and it is agreeable in these dull days to contemplate the enjoyment of racing again at Epsom and Ascot, and other popular meetings from April to June. Taken on the whole, the entries for the Spring handicaps are not quite so numerous as usual, but I think the quality of the horses is quite up to the average, and in every case there is the prospect of attractive sport. The Lincolnshire Handicap claims first attention, and, without waiting for the weights, which will not be given until the 24th inst., some people are already reckoning up the chances of the race. Indeed, I heard the "Lincoln" discussed at length a week or two before Christmas, and one enthusiast told me, in the "race-is-all-over-bar-shouting" manner, of a good double for the Lincoln and Grand National. The pair he mentioned were Dean Swift and Timothy Titus, and perhaps he will not be very far out. Dean Swift, it will be recalled, was made a hot favourite for the Lincoln last week, and a pot of money was dropped over him when he failed by a head to beat the Frenchman, Ob, who, likewise, is given another chance. The Dean is one of those horses that seem to do best at the beginning of the year, and if he gets in with less than 8st., he is sure to be strongly supported.

Steeplechasing at Gatwick: At the first hedge

The bad weather during the Christmas week rendered sport impossible, but with the simultaneous arrival of the New Year and warmer weather racing was resumed

Good Horses in the Lincoln

Which will be top-weight in the Lincoln? Without doubt I should say Polymelus, whose marvellous form in the back-end was one of the most memorable features of last season's racing. I do not look upon him as a potential winner of this event, not so much from the fear that the handicapper will put him out of it, but because he is not a horse who does well in the Spring. He wants the summer sun thoroughly to permeate his system before he attains to his full powers. Velocity, Earla Mor, and Roseate Dawn will be among the top-weight, and I am interested to see on what mark Picton will be placed, for that colt never ran after his fine performance in the Derby. It is seldom that a three-year-old wins the Lincoln, and the reason is not that the youngsters are incapable of beating the older horses so early in the season, but because so few of them are entered. For example, only two out of the forty-five entries this year are three-year-olds. One is the queer-tempered Saxham, the smartest of his age if only he would run straight, and the other is Fra Diavolo, who did so well last autumn, and will need watching.

Jubilee Prospects

It is rather disappointing not to find Spearmint or Troutbeck in any of the Spring handicaps. Perhaps their owners consider such game beneath their cracks. But Keystone II., who at her best is probably better than either of them, is entered for the popular Jubilee at Kempton Park, and here we find quite a constellation of notabilities. There is the Russian champion, Hammurabi, who, I am told, is *not* a champion to look at, but doubtless he will improve. Then Mr. Hall Walker has nominated the unbeaten Polar Star as well as the enigmatic Black Arrow, while Orwell, who is thought likely to win the Oaks, is also to be found. Sagamore, too, is there. What a vision of brilliant racing these names in the Jubilee bring before us. Cannot you imagine them coming round the bend—Polymelus leading, may be, with his wonderful speed, with Polar Star and Keystone II., and the rest of the cracks not far behind? Cannot you picture a mighty struggle at the end, in which Lord Derby's beautiful Oaks winner gets up in the last few strides, and beats the pick of the colts? It is all very fascinating, and one wonders how much of it will come to pass.

Steeplechasing Events

Steeplechasing is in full swing again, and the approach of the Grand National gives added interest to the sport. At Windsor, on Saturday, Denmark was unlucky, and his fall enabled Timothy Titus to win again in good style. The impression that this horse will get the Aintree course this time becomes stronger. Small importance attaches to the racing during the present week. My selection is **Ravenscliffe** for the January Steeplechase at Haydock Park on Thursday.

(Photos all) Sent to Solicitors of Photographs

"To Meet the King"

SOME NOTABLE MEMBERS OF LAST WEEK'S HOUSE-PARTY AT CHATSWORTH

Mrs. George Keppel

M. Poklewski
(First Secretary of the Russian Embassy)

Lady Desborough

Lady Gosford

The King

The Duke of Devonshire

Prince Henry of Pless

Earl de Grey

Sir Felix Simon
(The well-known throat specialist)

Mr. Arthur Sassoon

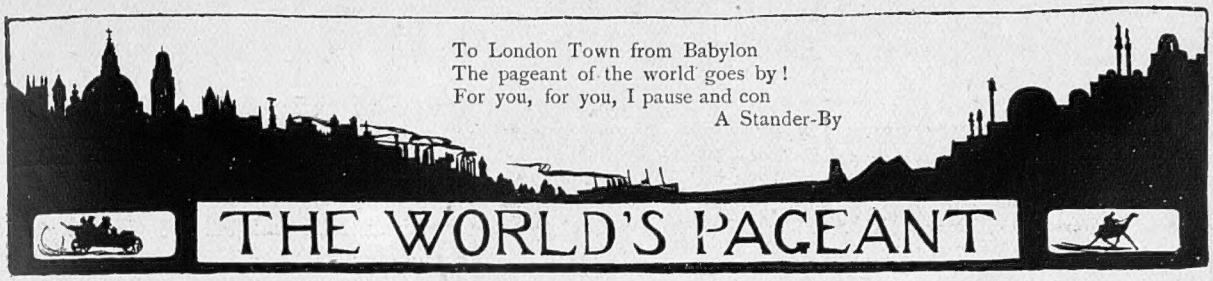
The Chatsworth Royal week has this year been extraordinarily brilliant and varied in the matter of attractions. Outdoors, the King has enjoyed shooting and motor trips galore, golf foursomes have been played (Mr. Balfour being among the participants), while the theatricals, including a play by Mr. R. C. Carton, *The Ninth Waltz*, and a *Contrast in Three Scenes*, by Princess Henry of Pless, songs, etc., with Miss Muriel Wilson, Viscount Duncannon, Lady Maud Warrender, among the entertainers, were remarkably brilliant and successful

The Vine Hunt Ball

Her Grace the Duchess of Wellington

(*Photographed in the robes worn for the wedding of the King and Queen of Spain*)

The Duchess is entertaining a big house-party at Ewhurst Park, Basingstoke, for the ball of the Vine Hunt, of which she and her husband are prominent followers. As Lady Arthur Wellesley, before her husband's succession to the title, she was a well-known military hostess



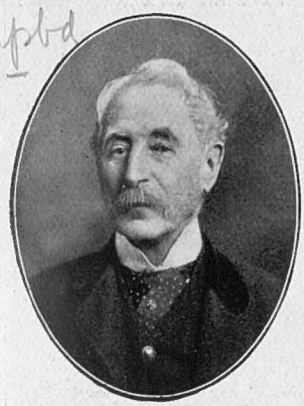


Photo *Lafayette*

Sir Henry P. de Bathe, Bart.

Who has died at Chichester. His son, Mr. Hugo de Bathe, married, in 1899, "Emily Charlotte, daughter of the Very Rev. W. C. Le Breton, Dean of Jersey"—otherwise Mrs. Langtry

Royal Movements

Prince Arthur of Connaught, who to-morrow bids good-bye to his parents on their departure for the East, will proceed, later in the month, to Windsor as the guest of the King and Queen; and two houses marked out for a visit from the King during January are Ken Hill, Sir Edward Green's charming house near Sandringham, and Rangemore, Lord Burton's seat near the city from which he takes his title, Burton-on-Trent. At Rangemore, which contains some wonderful tapestries and some priceless pictures, Bridge is a serious pursuit, and Miss Jane Thornewill, the sister of Lady Burton, is, by universal repute, one of the finest Bridge-players in England.

* * *

The Chatsworth Visit

Although still clad in the deepest mourning for her father, the late King of Denmark, Her Majesty the Queen enjoyed to the full the first country-house visit she has paid for many months. The inevitable Chatsworth theatricals, which always interest her, walking, motoring, and chatting with Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour served to kill time very pleasantly, and the fact that both the Princess Royal and the Princess Victoria are in better health than they were during Christmas, seemed to considerably lighten Her Majesty's anxieties.

* * *

A Crimean Veteran

Last week the father of Mrs. Harry Lawson, General Sir Henry de Bathe, was taken seriously ill with bronchitis at his house at Wood End, near Chichester. Sir Henry, who is the fourth baronet, is in his eighty-fourth year, and is one of the last survivors of the Crimean War. It is a coincidence, in view of the marriage of his son and heir, Mr. Hugo de Bathe, to Mrs. Langtry the actress, to note that the General was an enthusiastic amateur actor. He is the father of an interesting family. Of his three daughters, one is the wife of Sir Savile Crossley, another is Mrs. Harry Lawson, the wife of Lord Burnham's heir, and the third Mrs. M'Calmont, who is at present abroad.

* * *

Philanthropy: Its Losses and its Leaders

With the opening of the New Year the world at large, but especially the world of philanthropy, lost one of its most notable figures by the death of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, with whom, however, we are dealing more fully on another page. The loss of such a lover of her less fortunate fellow-creatures, however, brings more into prominence those who are still with us. Not least of these is General Booth, who, with the advent of January, opened an "anti-suicide bureau," a scheme and a title which may, perhaps, shock conventional ideas of philanthropy. There would be less wasted charity at the present day, however, if other organisations dealt with social problems in the same practical and up-to-date manner. The object of the bureau is to provide sound, business-like advice for those who are driven to despair and thoughts of suicide by difficulties of any kind.

The Princess Cantacuzene

A daughter of the famous General Grant, of American Presidential renown, who has married a noted Italian nobleman. She will be visiting England shortly

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

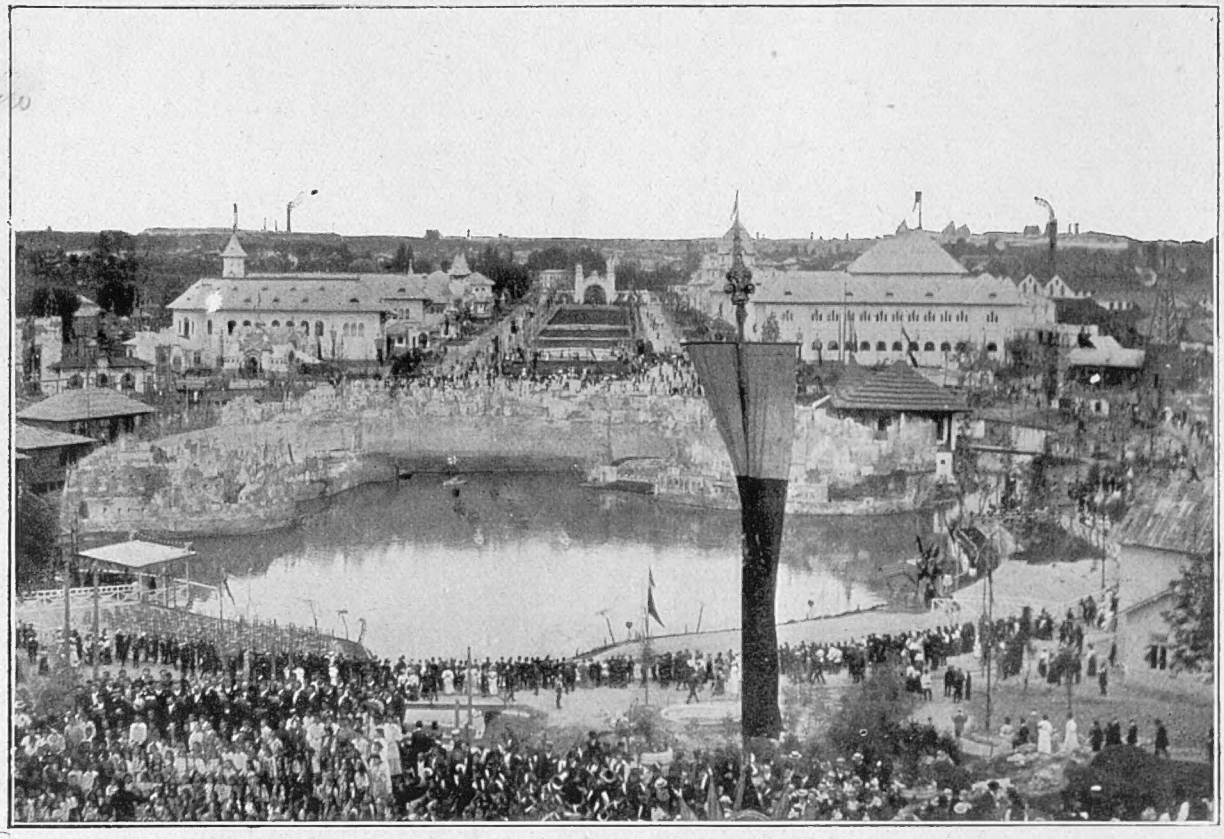
Canon Barnett

Who has succeeded to the Presidency of Toynbee Hall, of which he is the founder. He is a Canon of Westminster

Another great social worker, Canon Barnett, who was made a Canon of Westminster last year, has resigned the position of Warden, and has now been appointed President, of Toynbee Hall, which he founded twenty-two years ago. Toynbee Hall was the first of the many University and other settlements which have done so much towards bridging the abyss of ignorance existing between the upper and lower classes by bringing 'Varsity men and others into actual contact and sympathy with the problems of the poor.

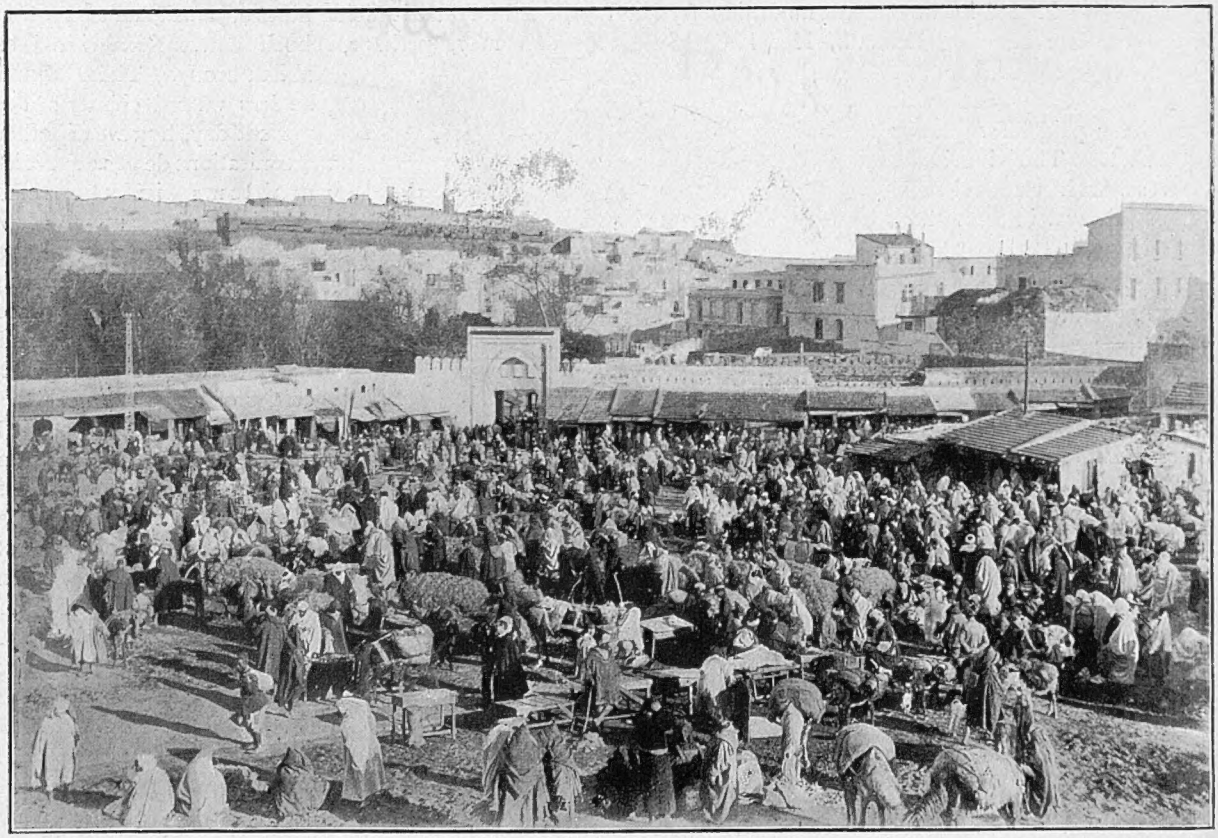
Two Towns in the Public Eye

THE BUKHAREST OUTRAGES—THE TROUBLE AT TANGIER



The Exhibition at Bukharest, Roumania—the scene of outrages, recently, on Englishmen

The Roumanian capital was recently the centre of a great Exhibition in honour of the King's Jubilee, of which the above is a general view. The lake was the scene of miniature naval battles. To Englishmen, however, the Exhibition is chiefly remembered as the scene of some extraordinary outrages by the police and natives on the British exhibitors, whose case is now in the hands of the British Foreign Office



The Market Place, Tangier, Morocco—the scene of outrages, often, on anybody

Tangier is now in a state of ferment, owing to Raisuli's operations in its near vicinity

BY FRED BUCHANAN

The Late Baroness's Early Romance

The Late Baroness Burdett-Coutts

It is, I think, common knowledge that it was an early romantic attachment which kept the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts a spinster until she was very nearly seventy years of age. It may not, however, be universally known that the object of this romantic attachment was none other than Count Alfred d'Orsay, poet, exquisite, sportsman, sculptor, and arbiter of the elegances. The handsomest man of his age (even Byron in verse admired him), the friend of Lady Blessington, whose daughter he married, and the companion and confidant of Prince Louis Napoleon, little wonder if the late Baroness for so long flaunted the willow for him. She might have done worse; and, certainly, her romantic fidelity served to save her from falling into the hands of many a fortune-hunter. She was very much in love with the captivating Count, however, and her family were driven to use all their resources in persuading her not to marry him. Their chief reason for opposing the match was that by marriage with a foreigner she would lose much of her money. Yet, at the age of sixty-seven, the Baroness married Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, a man thirty-seven years her junior, who was an American, and, therefore, also a foreigner, and so lost much of her money after all. This time, on the very obvious score of disparity in age, great efforts were again made to dissuade her from this May and December match. No less a personage than Queen Victoria herself joined the opposing elements. But, on this occasion, the Baroness was not to be talked over. She stood firm, and the match, a nine days' wonder, took place, and, what is more, proved successful.

The Late Baroness Burdett-Coutts

Who passed away on the 30th ult., after a short illness, at the age of ninety-two

Photos *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. W. L. Burdett-Coutts, M.P.

Who married the late Baroness in 1881, when he was thirty years of age, her junior by thirty-seven years. He is of American birth, a brother of the late Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, M.P., and Member for Westminster

* * *

Her Friends and Her Charity

Without doubt one of the most charitable women the world has ever seen, the Baroness, nevertheless, combined with her charitable enterprises a business capacity which seldom, or never, allowed her to be imposed upon. In this, as in so many other instances, she resembled her Royal friend, Queen Victoria, whose wedding she attended, and whose confidence she enjoyed. Amongst her many friends, rich and poor, the Baroness was proud to number Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, the late Duchess of Teck, Sir Henry Stanley (the great African explorer), Dr. Livingstone, Lord Wolseley, Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, and Sir Henry Irving. To this last old and valued friend she was devoted. It will be remembered that it was from her famous Piccadilly house that the great actor went to his grave, and it was amongst her most cherished memories that, when a guest on board her yacht, Sir Henry Irving would read morning prayers for her. She was, as a matter of fact, a year older than she was said to be; but, up to a week or two before her death, though weak, she was, mentally and physically, in possession of all her faculties. Of late she had necessarily retired into comparative seclusion, but for many years her active charities, her avowed interest in matters of International concern, and her exceptional position, made of her one of the most interesting and most respected of women.

* * *

Sir Arthur Havelock's New Home

Since the termination of an arduous career, which included the Governorship of West Africa Settlements, Trinidad, Natal, Ceylon, Madras, and Tasmania, Sir Arthur Havelock has been enjoying what is nothing if not a well-earned rest at Cockington Court, the seat of the Mallocks, near Torquay. He has now, however, bought, for permanent residence, Bishopstowe, the old palace of the famous Bishop Phillpotts, whose grandson, Captain Phillpotts, represented Torquay from 1895 to 1900. Bishopstowe, as everyone who knows Torquay will remember, stands beautifully situated on the slope of a combe, which descends to the famous Anstey's Cove, and it is also not far off the equally famous Babbacombe Cove. Sir Arthur is married to a sister of the Mr. W. E. Norris whose books, for many a year, have delighted a large public, and who is an old inhabitant of Torquay.

* * *

A Coming-of-Age

Galton Hall, Surrey, where a whole fortnight's festivities are in progress in celebration of the coming-of-age of the son of the house, Mr. Jack Colman, contains one of the finest specimens of Italian architecture to be seen in England. Mr. Colman bought the house from the late Viscount Oxenbridge, and it is famous for its marble hall inlaid with rare and choice Italian marbles.

People Being Talked About

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Sir A. Havelock, G.C.M.G.

The distinguished Ex-Colonial Governor has purchased the beautiful palace of Bishopstowe, near Anstey's Cove, Torquay. His last post was the Governorship of Tasmania, which he relinquished in 1904

Photo *Hills and Saunders*

Mr. J. Colman, Junr.

In honour of whose coming-of-age a fortnight's festivities are now in progress at Galton Hall, Surrey

Photos

Sir M. F. Ommanney, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., I.S.O.

Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies, who retires on the 15th inst. It is not too much to credit the "man behind the scenes" with many of the strokes of policy for which the Minister takes credit in Parliament

Campbell-Gray

Sir F. J. S. Hopwood, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

Who will succeed Sir M. F. Ommanney at the Colonial Office. At present he is Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade

THE REAL RULERS OF THE EMPIRE: TWO FAMOUS PERMANENT UNDER-SECRETARIES

The Hunt Ball Season

Hunt Balls

In the Loughborough hunting district, this is the week of weeks. For the Loughborough ball to-night, parties are being held in every house for miles around, and it is expected that the meet of the Quorn Hounds to-morrow (Thursday) will be exceptionally well attended, even for a Quorn meet. Lady Alice Packe, sister of Lord Kilmorey, will probably give a dance at Prestwold Hall within the next few days. Lord and Lady Percy St. Maur have a party at Burton Hall, and at Garatshay, Colonel Montagu Curzon (the Duchess of Abercorn's brother) and Mrs. Curzon are bringing out their pretty daughter during the week's festivities.

* * *

Lady Angela Forbes

Who, besides being a prominent sportswoman, is also an accomplished actress. She is the sister of the Duchess of Sutherland

Yorkshire Hostesses

Another Yorkshire hunting *débutante* is Miss Helen Meysey Thompson, the daughter of Lord and Lady Knaresborough, who hunt from Kirby Hall, and for the "Tally Ho!" Ball at Harrogate to-morrow, some of the more important hostesses include Mrs. Robert Forster, who gave a fancy dress ball on Tuesday, the Countess of Harewood, the Countess of Carlisle, the Countess of Feversham, and the Hon. Mrs. Guy Fairfax (whose picture we make our frontispiece). Mrs. Fairfax, a sister of those two keen huntswomen, Lady Chesterfield and Lady Cowper (formerly Lady Hartopp), is herself a splendid rider, and is constantly in the field with her husband, a typical Yorkshire squire. Very pretty, dark and picturesque, Mrs. Fairfax resembles her cousin, Miss Muriel Wilson, rather than her sisters, who are both very fair. Like her cousin, too, Mrs. Fairfax is an enthusiastic amateur actress, and buys her frocks, like all her family, in Hull, that gold-mine of the Wilsons.

* * *

Photos] **Lady Edith Villiers** *[Lallie Charles*

The only daughter of Lord Clarendon, the late Lord Chamberlain and A.D.C. to the King. She hunts with the Bicester and Lord Rothschild's Staghounds, and is also a successful breeder of fox-terriers

The Wafer Track

No mention of hunting in Yorkshire is, of course, adequate without reference to Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam. Lord Fitzwilliam's Yorkshire residence, Wentworth Woodhouse, is so vast that guests staying in the house have an almost ineradicable habit of losing themselves therein. It is said that the only way to dress for dinner and get safely down to the dining-room again is to drop wafers on the floor when going to one's room, and then follow them back again afterwards. Lady Fitzwilliam, who is a daughter of Lord and Lady Zetland, is an indefatigable horsewoman. Her little daughter, Lady Elfrida Fitzwilliam, mounted, in our picture, on one of the fashionable Shetland ponies, is interested, like her mother, in the welfare of the poor little Yorkshire pit ponies.

* * *

More Hunting Women

To make even casual mention of just a few of the distinguished hunting women of the day would require an infinity of space which is not at my disposal. It is curious in how many instances the delights of the chase and the fascinations of amateur acting go together. Lady Clifford of Chudleigh, Lady Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Guy Fairfax, and Lady Angela Forbes, are among the many well-known Society women who combine an aptitude for all-round sport with a theatrical talent of no mean order. Lady Clifford is, of course, a member of one of our oldest Catholic families (she is one of the Lancashire Towneleys), two of her husband's sisters are nuns, and one is Lady Denbigh, and at her beautiful Devonshire seat, Ugbrooke Park, Lady Clifford has had erected a miniature theatre, which is correct in every detail. In the South, Lady Edith Villiers, the only daughter of Lord Clarendon, is, without doubt, the most enthusiastic huntress. She often hunts three or four times a week, sometimes with the Bicester and sometimes with Lord Rothschild's Staghounds, and all the time she can spare from the field is spent in the pursuit of her successful breeding of fox-terriers, many of whom have won prizes from her kennels at The Grove.

Some Noted Hunting Hostesses

Photo *Leonard Willoughby*

Lady Fitzwilliam and her little daughter, Lady Elfrida Fitzwilliam, on her Shetland pony, Mousie

Lady Fitzwilliam is a daughter of the Marquis of Zetland, and is an indefatigable horsewoman. Her little daughter is particularly interested in the welfare of the little Yorkshire pit ponies

Photo] **Lady Clifford, of Chudleigh** *[Russell*

A keen follower of the South Devon Hunt, who is also a talented amateur actress. At her seat at Ugbrooke, Chudleigh, she has erected a perfect miniature theatre. Both she and Lord Clifford are members of two of the oldest Catholic families

Mrs. Dennis Bowles

Wife of the Master of the West Somerset Hounds

Movements of a Princely Priest

The First Lady in Austria

The tact of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has long been a by-word in Europe. His judicious choice of the Archduchess Maria Annunziata, half-sister of the morganatically married Archduke Francis Ferdinand, to play leading lady at the Vienna Hofburg, is but further proof of his good judgment. Already Lady-Superior of the convent for the daughters of the nobility at Prague (a high Imperial office, in which she succeeds the Archduchess Margaret Sophia of Wurtemburg and the Queen-Mother of Spain), the young Abbess bids fair to enjoy a long lease of office in the Imperial Palace, since her brother is heir-presumptive to the throne and her nephew stands next in succession. The sisterhood to which the Archduchess belongs is neither cloistered nor bound by immutable vows. Celibacy is the first condition of actual membership, and though, by repute, the Archduchess Maria broke off her brief engagement to Duke Siegfried of Bavaria, nephew of the late Empress of Austria, because he fell short of her high ideals, it is also just possible, and quite probable, that the Royal Abbess weighed marital love and her present single state and manifold dignities in the balance together, and found the former wanting.

* * *

The Trousseau of an Imperial Abbess

No Royal bride receives from her parents a more extensive trousseau than does an Imperial Abbess, and this in spite of the fact that the Abbess, amidst the luxurious toilets, brilliant jewels, and gaudy uniforms of the courtiers, stands on the steps of the throne, clad in the black silk habit of her Order, and invested with its insignia. These consist of a crozier, made by a fourteenth-century goldsmith, a tiara of multi-coloured precious stones, and an episcopal ring of such antique dimensions that its present wearer can only wear it over a thick white woollen glove. The rich ermine mantle which falls from her shoulders is set off by the severity of the obligatory black silk robe, and the dignified presence of the youthful Abbess enhances the charm of her grave and thoughtful demeanour.

* * *

Prince Max of Saxony

It is not, however, with this naïve mixture of things spiritual and temporal that yet another Royal ecclesiastic holds his office. Prince Max of Saxony, with his china-blue eyes, short stature, and the flaxen hair of his race—probably the only princely priest in the world—abjures everything, almost, which is of the world worldly. A little while back, at the marriage at Cannes of Princess Marie of Bourbon to a Saxon Prince, Prince Max appeared at the church door so poorly clad that the doorkeepers, as is the way of Bumbledom, refused to admit him until he disclosed his identity. An earnest preacher, if a dull one, when he preaches at the Church of St. Laurent, in Paris, he draws to his feet, by virtue of his Royal estate and piquant connections, a very smart audience, of the Faubourg St. Germain variety. But, then, it is not every itinerant preacher who is a Prince, the brother of a King, and the brother-in-law of an Archduke, two Archduchesses, *and* the erring Countess Montignoso.

The World's Only Princely Priest: Prince Max of Saxony

Who is a familiar figure in the pulpit of St. Laurent, Paris, and elsewhere abroad, where his humble appearance alone attracts attention

* * *

The Season in the East

The departure of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia by the P. and O. Co.'s *Marmora* for Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Hong Kong, and Egypt, reminds one that the gay winter season of the Britannic East is now at its zenith. Calcutta, with the Viceregal party in residence, Lord Kitchener and his *entourage* duly installed, and Drawing Rooms, races, fancy fairs, and dances following each other in breathless succession, is just now the social hub of the Eastern universe. Lord and Lady Minto and their three daughters, the Ladies Eileen, Ruby, and Violet Elliot, have succeeded in making themselves universally popular in India, and that wholesale, *en bloc* "giving notice" of Viceregal A.D.C.'s, which once took place at regular intervals in the Viceregal household, is now no longer a standing feature. Lady Minto, of course, has served a long apprenticeship in the atmosphere of Courts. Her father, General Grey, was for some years Private Secretary to the late Sovereign, and her brother, Earl Grey, is the present Canadian Viceroy. She is an expert skater and a most excellent horsewoman.

* * *

Indian Unrest

But in the midst of the recital of all this gaiety and luxury, the conclusion of the proceedings of the Indian National Congress reminds one rather forcibly that, according to the quidnuncs, India is in a state of "seething unrest." Certainly, if by "seething unrest" is meant that young India coolly requests from the Home Government all the advantages of self-government with none of its disadvantages, then India probably is in a state of unrest. But when one speaks of "India" in this connection, it should be remembered that only about a hundred-thousandth part of the populace is referred to. Things being as they are, however, no more certain way of ensuring a universal "seething unrest" could be arrived at than the granting of Home Rule.

The First Lady of Austria

H.I.H. the Archduchess Maria Annunziata, the niece of the Emperor of Austria, who has just been appointed leader of Society at the Austrian Court

Photo *Eckert*

The Archduchess is also the Lady-Superior of the convent for the daughters of the nobility at Prague. The Sisterhood to which she belongs is, of course, not a cloistered one, but celibacy is the first condition of actual membership. She is half-sister to the Archduke Franz-Ferdinand, the heir to the Imperial throne

The Vicereine of India

Photo *Bourne and Shepherd*

Lady Minto

The popular wife of Lord Minto, the Indian Viceroy. Lady Minto is a great sportswoman, and was one of the pioneers of the Society bicycling craze. When in Canada she rode through the Rockies on the cowcatcher of an engine

The Minto Family on Tour

Through the Kashmir Valley: The Viceroy's party is being lead by the Ladies Elliot, riding astride

Lord Minto's daughters, the Ladies Eileen and Ruby Elliot, inherit a love of sport from both their father and mother, and have plenty of opportunity of indulging in it. Since they have been in India, they have been present at many a tiger shoot, and, as can be seen, have braved the dangers of a sporting expedition in Kashmir, and hardships which even the most hardened sportsman does not willingly undergo

Photos *Bourne and Shepherd*

The Viceroy's Shooting Party: (Reading left to right) The Maharaj of Kashmir, Lord Minto, Lady Minto, and General Sir Amar Singh, Commander-in-Chief of Kashmir

Lord Minto loves to get away from the burdens and responsibilities of his arduous position for a short time by indulging in shooting expeditions. Both he and Lady Minto are excellent shots, as the bag of two bears testifies. Lady Minto, besides being the wife of the late Governor-General of Canada, is also the sister of the present Governor-General, Earl Grey

Continental Chat

During the Riviera Season we shall, week by week, deal with the life and doings at the best resorts, and we shall be pleased to receive from readers photographs of interesting events which may take place there. These will be liberally paid for if used.

Le Théâtre Antoine et le Théâtre Shakespeare

At the moment Tolstoi raises a protest against Shakespeare as a genius, an article appears in *La Petite République*, signed "Camille de Sainte-Croix," entitled "Théâtre Antoine et Théâtre Shakespeare," dealing with Shakespeare as a compiler of plays, grouped under the heading of "Shakespeare's Theatrical Works," as one day may be grouped the plays by Antoine as "Antoine's Theatrical Works" The theory is a curious one, and merits to be studied. "It is well known," says M. de Sainte-Croix, "that Shakespeare, as, what we call nowadays, actor-manager, acquired an excellent reputation at the beginning of his career as an adaptor of plays." That *Titus Andronicus*, by Kyd; *Pericles*, by Wilkins; *Henry VI.*, by Greene, and numerous other dramas, were only performed at Blackfriars and The Rose after having been totally re-written by him; and, according to "M. de Sainte-Croix," it would be interesting to examine the enormous work of Shakespeare, and try to discover whether certain poets, who lived in his day, did not contribute some or other of the many tragedies and comedies that bear Shakespeare's name. Men like Marlowe, Nash, Edwards, Wilmot, Sackville, and youths like Ben Johnson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Chapman—nearly all Bohemians and poor. If we picture the public clamouring for Shakespeare's signature, it is easily realised that, like the practical business manager he was, he gave them what they asked for. Unknown playwrights had even a smaller chance than to-day, owing to the scarcity of theatres. And what more probable than that posterity has accepted *en bloc* this colossal, complex monument, this remarkable collection of plays, almost superhuman in their diversity, as plays by Shakespeare, as at some future time the productions of Antoine may pass as plays by Antoine, when the authors who have made him popular have long been forgotten.

FRANCES KEYZER.

* * *

The Riviera Season

Although the Riviera season does not begin till the New Year is well under way, rarely have so many foreigners come to spend Christmas on the borders of the Azure Sea. But that was quite comprehensible. Everywhere the weather is so intensely cold. Whilst Paris was thick with mud, and the rest of France covered with snow, it was a consolation to think that in one place, at least, the sun was shining. On all sides flowers are to be seen! In the shops, in the gardens—scarlet and yellow carnations, violets, roses, red, white, and yellow, lying in riotous confusion; and, what is still more agreeable, the trees weighed down with golden fruit.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Where the King Will Stay: The Place des Œufs, Cauterets

The King is expected early in the Spring to pay a visit to Cauterets, the French watering-place, about forty miles south of Pau, in the Hautes Pyrenées. The town is situated over 3,000 ft. above the sea, and in the Spring and Summer is crowded with English and American visitors

Where the Winter Sun Does Shine

SUNNY MONTE CARLO, NOW THE CENTRE OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD

Monte Carlo: On the Promenade

All the world of wealth and fashion is now congregated on the Riviera, either at Monte Carlo, Nice, or Cannes, and though the season does not usually commence till after the first week in January, owing to the inclement weather elsewhere, they have been crowded since before Christmas

Photos *Chusseau-Flaviens*

Monte Carlo: A quiet nook overlooking the sea, showing the tropical vegetation

While those who of necessity have had to endure snow, slush, and sleet in England, the visitors to the "Côte d'Azur" have been enjoying ideal weather. On all sides flowers are blooming, scarlet and yellow carnations, violets, and roses of every description, are to be seen everywhere, while the trees are weighed down with golden fruit

Society and the Riviera

"Paris by the Sea"

Except for its picturesque surroundings, Nice is disappointing. There are the same magnificent hotels, and many more; the same coquettish villas studded up the lovely green slopes to Cimiez; but it is not the Nice that Queen Victoria loved. It is becoming too much of a metropolis. If I may say so, a trifle too cosmopolitan. Paris by the dark blue sea! Motor-cars everywhere, the occupants outvieing one another in elegance, racing along and puffing up the hills regardless of anyone who may be in the way. The other day, a smart American, who shall be nameless, skipped along in the car he had been to Paris to purchase, and which he was anxious the world should see. Indeed, so proud was he of his new acquisition, that he forgot to apologise when he ran over a magnificent and valuable dog. The owner, however, happened to be the Prefect of the "Alpes Maritimes," and was greatly upset at the death of his favourite. He had the motorist arrested, would accept no apologies, kept the man in suspense for days (for, of course, he did not know what the Prefect might or might not do), and then forgave him.

* * *

Visitors to Cannes

Cannes is more interesting than Nice. It is smaller, and cosier, and when you return to Cannes, at least you find your friends. In Nice, the Society people you meet are like ships that pass in the night. After having strewn their dollars on the paths which lie between the Casino and the most elegant hotels, they vanish. Where will they be next year? Egypt, perhaps; but certainly not at Nice. Cannes is infinitely more popular among the English, in the same way as Nice is more patronised by Americans and Russians. Lord and Lady Aberdeen spent Christmas at Cannes, on their way to Rome. The good lady who sent a box of carnations for me to London told me she had seen the Vicereine pass her door in her magnificent car, and described, volubly, how her diamonds sparkled in the sunlight! To congratulate her on her imagination would have been too cruel. Certainly, if she saw diamonds sparkling, they must have been on some other person than Lady Aberdeen—who is simplicity personified. Lord and Lady Northcliffe have been spending Christmas here. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourchier, who came in their car in November, are again at Cannes; Harry de Windt, the great explorer, is at Nice; and Lord Granville Gordon is almost glued to the golf links.

A Physician of Kings: Dr. D'Aremberg, of Cannes

Though a prominent lung specialist, Dr. D'Aremberg has retired for several years, and never leaves his house. He, however, consents to see patients if they come to him, and among the many who do so are numbered the Tsar, the King of Roumania, the Crown Prince of Bulgaria, and the Princess of Monaco

The Russian Nobility and Monte Carlo

The Russian Grand Dukes—Cyril, Alexis, and Boris—are all expected during the month, but their movements will not trouble Riviera Society much—the Casino at Monte Carlo is their great attraction, and in order to be near these Royal personages, one must spend one's time in a similar manner. Many Russian princes, too, have arrived, to follow the example of their Ruler's uncles, and it is said that the Grande Duchesse de Mecklenburg-Schwerin is the most inveterate gambler of the lot. What a curious place is Monte Carlo! You simply cannot help succumbing to the intoxicating atmosphere. "The tables" is the one topic of conversation, and whether or no gambling is anathema to you, you cannot avoid the infection, and become also interested in the immense human drama that takes place daily at the Casino. We travelled down to Nice with a rich Peruvian, who had come here to spend his fifth fortune. "I am not lucky," he said, "and I know this fortune will go like the rest. Yet I am young, and can make more. After all, there are worse ways of spending life than filling up the 'coffers of the Monte Carlo bank.'" And who was the person who was drawing out this gambler's confidences? A virtuous old English lady, who looked as if she had spent her seventy years between the fireside and the village church. The subject had absolutely fascinated her, although she tried to appear horror-struck.

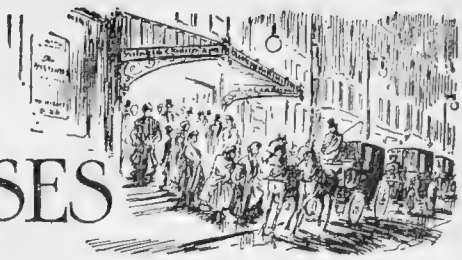
* * *

An Interesting Personality

One of the most interesting persons in Cannes is the celebrated Dr. D'Aremberg. He is quite a personage in Cannes; everybody knows him, or, at least, knows of him. But, apart from this, his skill as a lung specialist and the services he has rendered to suffering humanity cannot be too highly praised. He has retired now for many years, and never leaves his house, although he will sometimes see patients if they come to him. Last year the Crown Prince of Bulgaria offered him a special train to his kingdom, and any fee he liked, if only he would go and see him. But the doctor refused. "The Prince must come to me," he replied, and the Prince came. How I wish I might publish some of the stories the doctor told me about the signed celebrities who adorn the walls of his handsome consulting-room! But that would not be fair. The Tsar is one of his patients; the King of Roumania is another; and even the unhappy Princess of Monaco has a prominent place in his portrait gallery.

GRACE ELLISON.

The PLAYHOUSES



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

"Antony and Cleopatra"

The Englishman on the Continent makes himself unpopular because, at every turn, he insists upon the superior way in which things are done in his own country. I make a slight bid for popularity, when abroad, by acclaiming the manners, customs, and points of view of my foreign hosts. Is the man a humbug who falls into ecstasies over the ways of the foreigner? By no means. He is merely one who is tired, for the time, of belonging to the greatest nation in the world. Superiority is a fatiguing state. So the best holiday for the superior person is to sojourn among a people whom one is taught to love with a strong seasoning of pity that they are not the equals of ourselves.

I have returned from a two months' sojourn in Paris. I have choked with laughter over *"Vous n'avez rien à déclarer?"* a comedy, the mere plot of which is not to be related in English, even as a smoking-room story. I have haunted the small theatres in Montmartre, which offer a quintuple bill of bedroom farces (three) and blood-red melodramas (two). I have fought against a rising *ennui* during the performance of Sarah Bernhardt's *La Vierge d'Avila*.

A Superb Production

Returning, it is my good fortune to visit first His Majesty's Theatre. If you would realise how greatly a superb English production surpasses a superb foreign production, sojourn for a while in any foreign capital you choose and then return to see what Mr. Tree can put up for the benefit of the public. But if you would be popular abroad, do not cap the productions they offer you with stories of the magnificent manner in which plays are produced in England. Reserve your transports until you arrive home. Haply your praise will put to shame the grumblers who have been so fed upon rich scenic fare that they have grown dyspeptic.

Pictures of the East

There is a tendency on the part of the critics to cavil at the magnificent manner in which Mr. Tree has mounted *Antony and Cleopatra*. Let us rathe

Another Cleopatra than Shakespeare's—Mr. Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra" in New York

Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Robertson (Miss Gertrude Elliott) have made a marked success in this satirical drama at the new Amsterdam Theatre, New York. It is to be regretted that the play is not at present running in London, in order that the public might have an opportunity of perceiving the weakness, by comparison, of the mere Shakespearean version of the story being given at His Majesty's by Mr. Tree. The scene shown above is where Lucius Septimus tells Cæsar (Mr. Forbes Robertson) the news of the coming of reinforcements. Note Cleopatra (Miss Elliott) crouching on the right

be thankful for a succession of pictures so beautiful as to keep us entranced during the passage of a play which is too disjointed to hold the interest for any great length of time.

The thoroughness which is the keynote of the production, is exemplified by the beauty of the "front" scenes. We are all familiar with productions in which money, labour, and art have all been expended upon a few "built-up" scenes, during the setting of which we are confronted with a cloth, garish in colour and crude in design. At His Majesty's Theatre there are no blemishes upon the panorama. As the scenes pass in succession before us, nothing occurs to bring up the senses with a jolt to the realisation of canvas, *papier-mâché*, and paint. Our artist has made a drawing of Cleopatra dallying with gold-fish in her palace at Alexandria. That is a picture not easily forgotten. The spacious apartment, nobly simple in design, bound by a pillared gallery, the hangings of gold, the pleasing harmony of green and amber and purple in the general scheme of the decorations, the delicate tracery of chequers and stripes patterned upon the silks; the view of the temple, with quaintly traced walls through the doorway at the back, the animals and figures represented on the couches.

The entranced playgoer will carry with him many another picture from this glowing and sensuous production: Pompey's Galley, with its realistic superstructure, the lights at the masthead, and the surrounding mystery of the sea; Cæsar's camp, with its great pavilion, and the landscape view over the distant purple hills crowned with a temple. Truly, a visit to His Majesty's almost atones for the sense of flatness and disappointment caused by a visit to the headquarters of modern British Art—the Royal Academy. If the man who paints on the small canvas sends us away weeping, he whose canvas stretches its noble proportions from the wings dries our tears.

Photo Foulsham and Banfield

HIS House in Order, too

Mr. Seymour Hicks reading a favourable notice of the opening of the new Hicks's Theatre on Boxing Day, to which *The Beauty of Bath* has been transferred with much *éclat*

Concerning the Players

And the acting? On the whole, it reaches a high level. There is plenty of inspiration, and where there is no inspiration there is the next best thing to it, a great earnestness. Be pleased to remember that *Antony and Cleopatra* is a fine study of a great passion if you will, but that the play does not help the performers by its action—the irresistible march of events—to a climax. The performers are forced to work up the interest of detached scenes, a very difficult undertaking. There is a large class of playgoers whose reverence for Shakespeare is so great that it expects to derive from one and all of his plays the maximum exaltation and edification. Tell them that some of Shakespeare's plays are patchwork, and they will look upon you with horror. To them Shakespeare can do no wrong. Their awe of him is only equalled by their ignorance of his works. It must be for this class of uninformed devotee that Mr. Shaw instituted his famous comparison between himself and Shakespeare. Talking of G. B. S. (he *does* crop up), his satirical treatment of Egypt's Queen and her relations with Cæsar, of which an illustration appears on a previous page, is, at present, amusing the Americans. If Mr. Forbes Robertson and Company do but return in time, we shall enjoy an opportunity of comparing the two plays of the same period by the two masters.

Considering the difficult task set the performers at His Majesty's, they come out of the ordeal with much credit. Miss Constance Collier presents a study of Cleopatra which should fulfil the expectations of the most demanding. At all times she is picturesque. She suggests the snake-like charm of the great courtesan; her imperiousness, her rage (that is an excellently played scene with the messenger with news of Antony's marriage with Octavia), her love for Antony. Not a great performance, but how many great performances can you tell off on your finger-tips? Be thankful, O playgoer, for Miss Collier's Cleopatra.

A Grotesque Lover, but—

Mr. Tree, in a brilliant histrionic career, has not given us a very striking gallery of stage-lovers. In his love-making he does not seem able to eliminate a note of grotesqueness. But Antony is more complex a character than a mere romantic lover, and there are sides of Antony's character — his waywardness, his unreliability, his indifference at one moment to the claims of circumstance, the rapidity with which at another time he rises with the tide of opportunity—all these shades Mr. Tree delineated with admirable skill. It was a cause for regret to me that Mr. Tree, on the evening I witnessed the play, found difficulty at times in remembering his part. On these occasions Mr. Tree is most Tree-like, and reminds one of Mr. Robb Harwood giving an imitation of Mr. Tree.

Mr. Lyn Harding has set a difficult task for future Enobarbuses (Enobarbi?). His successors must either follow his admirably humorous reading, or court insignificance by playing the part "straight." Mr. Harding gave us one of those privileged individuals whom the moderns call "characters." Barely could this very rough soldier conceal his contempt for the foibles, more particularly in relation to women, of his superiors. The barge speech was delivered with a curl of the lip, as who should say, "This luxury is indeed matter for jest."

The production is such as to make the Englishman returned from abroad feel proud of the luxury and taste which mark the productions at London's premier theatre. What matters it that, when much is forgotten, the pictures of the gorgeous East will linger in the memory, and that one will treasure two visions of Miss Constance Collier—the first in glittering gold, the second in shimmering silver?

On the Stage—and Off

Photo *Bassano*

The Harlequinade in the "Belle of Mayfair" at the Vaudeville: A pleasing addition to a pleasing show

Left to right: Mr. Sam Walsh, pantaloon; Mr. Courtice Pounds, policeman; Mr. Arthur Williams, clown: Miss Billie Burke, columbine; Mr. Farren Soutar, harlequin

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

A surprise for Piccadilly "Flower Girls"

The familiar "Flower Girls" (of mature age and girth) were pleasantly surprised one morning during the cold spell to receive from a charitable lady (Miss Charlotte Mansfield) a red cloak each to keep them warm. Their smiling faces betoken their appreciation

A Magnificent Scene at His Majesty's: Cleopatra

In a production notable for its superb mounting, the above scene is, perhaps, the one which most attracts the eye. Mr. Hawes Craven has designed an apartment which gives the impression of great green and gold, is most effective.

lies with the Goldfish in Her Palace at Alexandria

sness. The colour-scheme, carried out in ra has just learned of Antony's return.

"Antony," she cries, and turning on the cushions on which she is lying, she plunges her hand into the fountain and idly plays with the goldfish as an accompaniment to her thoughts

DRAWN AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

Worldly Short Story No. 56

"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH"

By RICHARD MARSH

TO WORLDLY AUTHORS

Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally paid for. Only good stories are wanted!

IT was a delicate, and a tender, subject on which Mr. Latham touched.

"I am decidedly of opinion," he declared, "that we ought to be married."

Miss Hopkins sighed.

"I feel," she admitted, "that there's something in what you say."

"Something? My dear Irene, there's—there's an immense deal. Do you know it's close on fifteen years since we first met?"

"Is it possible? How time does fly?"

"Of course it does—and that's the point—if we don't take care we shall fly with it. I met you at Engelberg—where we are to-day; look how the place has changed! That'll show you how time's flown! There was no railway here—no nothing. Why, three or four times we climbed Titlis—not quite to the top, but nearly; tremendous affair it was—took us hours and hours! Don't you remember?"

"Indeed! I couldn't do it now."

"Couldn't do it now!—this rheumatism in my right knee practically prevents my walking uphill at all! Eight years afterwards I proposed to you in Paris—in the Bois, at the back of the Armenonville."

"That was a day of emotions."

"Afterwards we dined *chez* Noel Peters, in the Passage. It was a dull hole even then, but we wanted to be alone to talk things over; and we talked them over, and came to the conclusion that there was no reason why we shouldn't be married in a month."

"I shall never forget what my sensations were that night—you remember I was then at the Tremoille."

"Do I remember? Why I saw you home, and kissed you in the cab."

She looked round, startled; fortunately the garden was practically deserted; there was no one within yards of them. Still she was fluttered.

"Roderic! you—you are so outspoken!"

But he was not to be restrained.

"Kissed you twice, I did, and you kissed me once—that made three times—to say nothing of my dreaming that I was kissing you all night."

She looked down, feeling, with her slender fingers, the texture of her lace scarf.

"I wondered if I should have any bridesmaids, and, if so, how many, and who they'd be."

They were silent; it was a pleasant memory, seven years old.

"And—and then began that confounded bickering about ways and means."

"You see, Roderic, we have both of us been used to control our own purse-strings; it was a wrench for either to give up control to the other. My idea is the best one; you'll find it so."

"Well, I'm willing to give it a trial. That a husband and wife should have separate bills for everything, even when they're stopping in a *pension*, does, however, present married life to me in a novel aspect."

"Why should it? You contribute your proper quota, I contribute mine. The actual payment is done by one alone; where's the trouble?"

"Then you'll say, 'Don't charge that to me; charge it to Mr. Latham.'"

"You are more likely to say that."

"And then there'll be endless discussion as to who's to pay—for what? Look at your fondness for an open fire in your bedroom——"

"Roderic, don't—don't let's talk of that; the subject of the room in question——"

"I know! I know! the discussion's closed—we've come to an arrangement! Then there arose the question of your attachment to the mid-day dinner. Oh, dear!"

"Roderic, you are, and were, unreasonable. When we became engaged, our habits were already fixed. All my life I had been used to a substantial meal at one o'clock, wherever I might be, and to a light meal in the evening. An occasional variation from that rule is not of much consequence, but if I dined late every night"—she paused to sigh—"not only should I never sleep, but in less than a month such digestion as I have left would be utterly gone. You might as well dig my grave at once. I can refer you to the opinion of more than one eminent medical man."

"Medical man! However, that subject's also closed; we weren't married in a month. The first six months we spent in arguing; then there came that affair at Spa, when you slanged me for winning three hundred francs at baccarat."

"The thought that the man I was about to marry was a gambler was terrible."

"A gambler! A gambler's a man who loses, not a man who wins!"

"You kept tampering with the unclean thing, and you did not end by winning."

"If I left off even—I'd had my fun!—what was the harm?"

"You did not leave off even; you lost."

"Nothing to speak of."

"You would never tell me how much you lost."

"How could I tell within two or three francs?"

"Or within two or three hundred? No, Roderic, I learnt the truth from others."

(*Continued on page 82*)

Another Worldly Story Next Week

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Scouring the States

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

A new portrait of Mr. H. B. Irving

Showing him wearing the unfamiliar adornment of a moustache. He is at present successfully touring the States with a series of plays

(*Continued from page 80*)

"I never could make out who told you."

"That was what troubled you—who told me; that you should have concealed from me the truth—that never troubled you at all. What I suffered that week!—brought up, as I had been, to look upon games of chance as inventions of the Prince of Darkness. You lost over five hundred francs."

"I should have liked to have known who told you; I wish you'd tell me now."

"Never, Roderic; I shall never tell you. Five hundred and thirty francs was, I was assured, probably your precise loss. What a sum!—in one week!—and your whole income under four hundred pounds a year. No wonder that the foundations of the earth seemed trembling beneath me—and your temper!"

"My dear Irene, when a man has—eh—lost a few francs, it doesn't improve his temper to have them thrown into his face—to say nothing of the feeling that he's been spied upon. The consequence of that business was that we had nothing to do with each other for a year." Tilting his chair on to its hind legs, crossing his hands on the knob of his stick, he regarded her fixedly. "How I suffered!"

She avoided his glance, keeping her eyes turned downwards. She spoke gently.

"I also suffered."

"Did you, Irene—really?"

"Really, Roderic—indeed!"

"It was to me as if the sun had gone out of the heavens!"

"It was to me as if there had been no sun."

"One long, long night."

"Without even the promise of a coming day."

They sighed—he first, like an engine letting off steam; she immediately afterwards, daintily. Daintiness had marked her for its own; her appearance, her figure, her movements, her manners, her costume—she was dainty in everything she said and did. Bringing back his chair on to its four legs, looking down, in his turn, he began to scratch the gravel with the ferrule of his stick.

"And all the while you never let me have a word, or a line."

When he looked down she glanced up at him daintily.

"How could I? When I really never knew where you were? Your movements were always so erratic."

"That comes well from you, Irene, considering that you spent the greater part of those twelve months, and a large sum of money, on a tour round the world."

"What else could I do—to divert my thoughts; to get away from myself—from you?"

"Were you so afraid of me?"

"I was afraid that you had grown tired of me."

"I never shall be that; never! never! never! till, as the song says, the sun grows cold."

"I didn't know that, then; I didn't even guess it till—I met you again at Heidelberg."

Once more her eyes fell, as his looked up, with, in them, a sudden light.

"What a meeting that was!—my word! It was as if I'd come, at a bound, out of a long, hard winter, into the glory of a summer's day."

"Roderic!"

"I kissed you in the Schloss."

Again she glanced round hastily.

"Roderic!—you—you've an inconvenient way of remembering such things."

"I kissed you three times in the Schloss, and you kissed me once—and the *gardien* almost caught you. Heaven knows how many times we kissed each other that night upon the terrace."

"You really are very embarrassing."

"You're blushing!" As if to veil herself from his eyes she put up her pretty hands, which were just beginning to be wrinkled. He said, half in jest, half in earnest, as if the gesture tempted him, "I'd like to kiss you now."

"Roderic!"

He shook his head, as if in the enjoyment of some piquant recollection.

"What a little witch you were!"

"You shouldn't say such things."

"What a fortnight that was!"

"Wasn't it?"

"At the end of it I was ten years younger, and you—you had just had your skirts let down."

"Roderic!"

"And we'd made up our minds that we'd go straight to London, and that, after residing there the necessary fourteen days, we'd be married at a Registrar's; all we wanted was to be married—quick."

"You put it—rather strongly—don't you think?"

"Not a bit too strongly—not a bit. You were palpitating; so was I."

"Roderic!"

"Do you remember how we tried to get a carriage to ourselves?"

"I never tried."

"I did—with your connivance. But there wasn't one to be got; we travelled all the way to the Hook with a lot of confounded Germans, packed like sardines in a tin; they all spoke English as well as we did, so that I couldn't even touch your toe with mine, and beg your pardon, without their understanding. Do you remember that fat woman, who asked you if we were brother and sister; and the state the question put you in; I thought I should have burst."

"Some of those German women are very unconventional."

"I wish you'd been more unconventional; we should have been old married folk to-day."

"I don't think you've any right to say that, Roderic."

"I've every right. If you'd agreed to our putting up at the same boarding-house, instead of quartering yourself in one in Guildford Street, and making me go to another in the Square, we'd have been Darby and Joan by now."

"From what I recall of your behaviour I don't think that that necessarily follows, Roderic."

"At any rate, I should have been able to keep an eye on that old reprobate, Colonel Bullock, Bullet—what was his name?"

"He was not a reprobate; and his name was Colonel Bullen."

"Never saw anything like the way the fellow kept dangling about you all day long—with a wife of his own upstairs!"

"He and I had many things in sympathy."

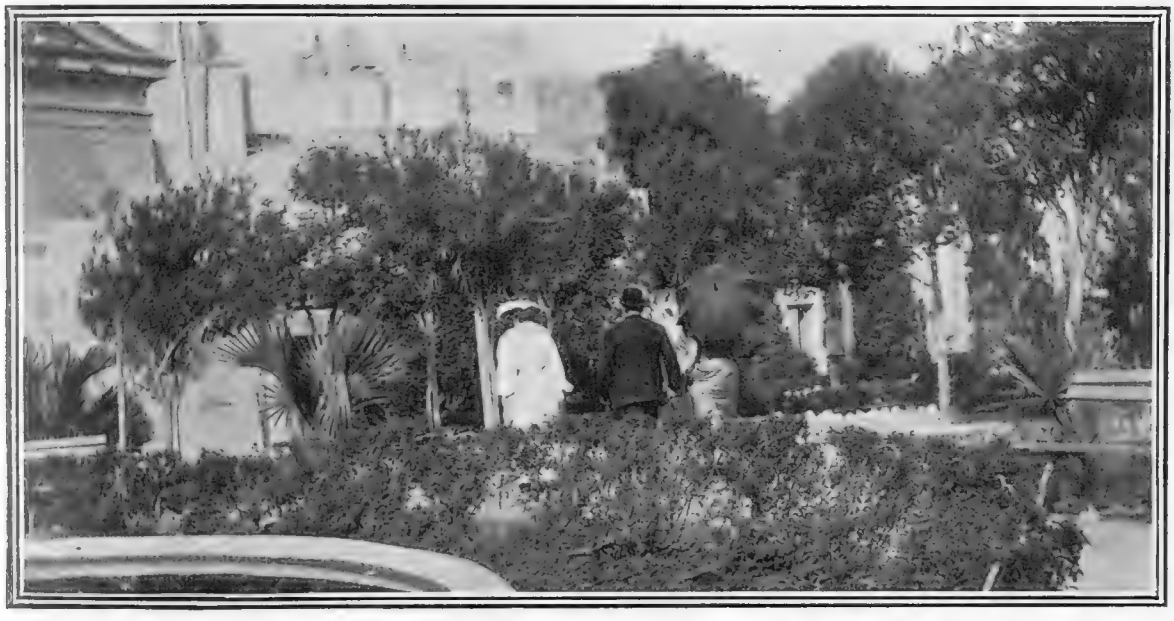
"That was more than his wife and you had! The afternoon before the day on which I was going to the Registrar, when I called to have a final talk with you, I found that you'd gone out with him. His wife came running down the stairs as soon as I put my nose inside the door, and said, 'Miss Hopkins has gone out with my husband; they've been out all day, and I don't know when they will return.' I could have broken that grinning page-boy's head; there he was, sniggering behind me for all he was worth. Oh, that was a blow!"

(*Continued on page 84*)

A Neglected Winter Resort

MALTA'S SUNNY BUT UNPATRONISED CAPITAL, NOW THE SCENE OF AN ACUTE RELIGIOUS CRISIS

The Boracca Gallery, Valetta, overlooking the Grand Harbour, no longer the winter promenade of the fashionable world



In the Boracca Gardens, showing the luxuriant vegetation, and the necessity for summer dresses and sunshades

Christmas Day in Valetta: Some officers of the Fleet returning from church

Though sunshine is the order of the day all through the winter, Malta is no longer a fashionable winter resort, despite the attractive naval and military element in its society provided by the presence of the officers of the Mediterranean Fleet and of the garrison. Its desertion by the fashionable world, however, is mainly due to the lack of first-class hotel accommodation, a matter to which the inhabitants should surely give their attention. At the present moment Malta has come prominently before the public in connection with the extraordinary letter its Bishop has sent to the King, objecting to toleration being allowed to any other church than the Catholic in the island

(*Continued from page 82*)

"Colonel Bullen had gone with me to see certain pictures by Dutch Masters at the National Gallery in which both of us were interested. Afterwards we went together to a tea-shop to tea."

"For the third time that week!"

"It was not the third, it was the second time. Our united bill came to elevenpence. As I paid my own share, to what you objected I cannot conceive."

"It was not the elevenpence!"

"Then what was it?"

"It was the principle!"

"I can only say that your conduct was quite uncalled-for."

"Conduct! What conduct? I only knocked the fellow's hat off as he was coming up the steps! I—I—could have called him out if his wife hadn't been standing in the hall!"

"That caused another rupture."

"Yes, and, like a fool, I'd been spending all my money on tailors and hosiers!"

"I had bought three new dresses."

"It so upset me that I went to Naüheim, and let them do what they liked with me—practically."

"I went to stay with my cousin Louisa, and almost commenced district visiting. Then I went with her and her husband to Scheveningen—was that three or four months after?"

"I don't know—I couldn't say; I paid no heed to the flight of time—I was too much of a wreck. When I heard you'd gone I went too; and then—then, Irene, I forgave you."

"Forgave me!"

"Do you remember my kissing you in one of those great high-backed wooden chairs they have there?"

Again she glanced anxiously around.

"Roderic, really I—I wish you wouldn't remember such things; or, at least, that you wouldn't be so outspoken."

"We had it drawn close up to the edge of the sea, so that we were hidden from the crowd on the sands, with nothing visible but the sea and the sky, and—didn't we have a time?—eh, Irene?"

"Roderic!"

"That chair was worth the money I had to pay for it—ah! It was while we were at Scheveningen there was the episode of your note—that tickled me!"

"It was not fair of you to laugh at me. I had just been reading about a man who married a woman who wore a wig. She did not breathe a word to him about it till the night of their wedding-day; then, when he saw her without it, he threw himself out of the window. That so preyed upon my mind that I could not rest till I had let you know that"—she spoke in the discreetest whisper—"I wore a front."

"What's a front? At that time all my front teeth were false, and now I haven't one in my head which grew there."

"Roderic, I hope that is not a reflection upon me; not all my teeth are false."

"As for hair, look at mine!"

He took off his hat to enable her to look at it; which was still rather difficult, there was so little of it to be seen. She addressed him confidentially.

"Roderic, have you tried 'Bilker's Fresh Life for the Hair'? It was lately recommended to me as producing excellent results."

"My dear Irene, I've had gallons of it; you can see what it's done for my hair."

She surveyed his polished scalp with troubled eyes.

"I'm sorry to hear that. I was persuaded to buy a dozen large bottles."

"Then you've thrown away your money; that sort of thing won't do us any good. What we want is fresh life for our bones; when we've got that we shan't have any trouble with our hair."

"I suppose that is so."

"We've been fools to let the precious years go by; it's one of those discoveries which people only make after they are gone."

"Ah, Roderic, it was after Scheveningen that there suddenly arose that great rock of difference which has sundered us ever since."

He stood up; while he took off his hat to wipe his brow he turned to survey the prospect.

"It's a lovely place, Engelberg—lovely—but warm on a day like this; that's because it's so shut in."

"Yet it's at a considerable elevation."

"No doubt; but the hills all round are higher. Fifteen years ago since I met you here. That was at the Pension Lindt. Is it still in existence?"

"The Pension is; the Lindts are dead."

"Are they? Yet, from what I recollect, at that time they were youngish. You know, Irene, you were saying just now that when we became engaged your habits were fixed. How about mine? Last month I was fifty-four."

"Roderic!—no!"

"Yes. It is four years since we were at Scheveningen. At that time I was fifty. For probably thirty years I had had a pipe the last thing at night and another the first thing in the morning."

"That was the first time I'd heard of it; I had never dreamed of such a thing."

Resuming his seat, he emphasised his words by striking the ground with the point of his stick.

"It doesn't follow that when a man's engaged he writes his habits on a slate any more than a woman does hers. When for something like thirty years a man has smoked himself asleep at night, and awake in the morning—is it unreasonable to expect him practically to turn himself inside out in four-and-twenty hours?"

"Roderic, apparently you are still unable to appreciate my feelings when I hear you talk like that. The subject is such a delicate one; it's not easy for me to touch on it; but the idea of—of having a pipe in my bed——"

"You wouldn't be having a pipe in your bed; I should—but aren't there such things as rooms with two beds?"

"I should still be having a pipe in my bedroom!"

"My dear Irene, no one ever suggested that you should have a pipe in your bedroom, never! nothing of the sort."

"You know very well what I mean, Roderic; it's not nice of you to make a jest of it. The idea of your being the slave of such a habit."

"Don't you have a cup of tea every morning before you get up? I've heard you say you couldn't get up without one. Very well, then; isn't that a habit to which you're a slave? We're all of us slaves to our habits."

"There's a difference between a cup of tea and a pipe."

"There certainly is—thank Heaven."

"Roderic, when you talk like that, what can you expect me to feel?"

"My dear Irene, it's all very well for you to lay all the fault at the door of my pipe, but how about that hound of yours?"

"What hound of mine? I never had a hound."

"Who's hair-splitting now? Who's fencing with the question? You know very well that I'm alluding to that apology for a dog you had."

"Apology for a dog! Is it possible that you're alluding in such terms to my late sainted Rosie?"

(*Continued on page 86*)

About to go on Tour

Photo *Rita Martin*

A new portrait of Miss Lily Brayton

Who has been playing the part of Helena in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Adelphi. She is shortly going on a tour through the provinces

(Continued from page 84)

"Upon my word, I'd forgotten that she was dead."

"Forgotten that she was dead!—of what can you be made!—when I telegraphed to you in the first paroxysm of my anguish? If you only knew what I suffered during the little darling's last illness—she bore it so patiently—if we all make as good an ending! I asked you to come to the funeral, but you never came; it was yesterday."

"I couldn't come before to-day."

"We buried her on the hillside yonder, on a spot where nothing grows. I am going to have a rose-tree planted on the little grave to commemorate her name and memory."

"Well, Irene, you've lost your dog, and—eh!—I'm giving up my last-thing-at-night and first-thing-in-the-morning pipe, neither of us has anything left. Under those circumstances, doesn't it occur to you that it's high time that we did get married?"

"There's—there's something in what you say."

"My dear Irene, I repeat that there's an immense deal in what I say. When I think of what our feelings have been for each other during the last seven years, it's inconceivable to me how it is that we haven't been married long ago; it—it's almost improper. There's not the slightest reason why we shouldn't be married at once; we can't keep trifling with Providence for ever! Holloa, who's this?"

A portly lady was advancing towards them with a small black Pomeranian in her arms, which was barking frantically. Miss Hopkins got up eagerly.

"Why, it's Mme. Simon with Charmante! She's the sweetest, darlingest little pet, and Mme. Simon wants to sell her to me."

"Wants to what?"

Before Miss Hopkins could answer, the portly lady had broken into voluble speech.

"Oh, Miss Hopkins, you see! Is it not extraordinary into what a state Mlle. Charmante gets at sight of you? To reach you she wants to fly out of my arms!"

It was certainly odd with what eagerness the small creature scrambled into the lady's extended arms, licking her with her bright red tongue wherever she would allow herself to be licked.

"You dear! you love! you cherub! Roderic, isn't she an angel? She wants to shake hands with you; see, she offers you her pretty paw!"

It was Miss Hopkins who offered the paw rather than the dog. When Mr. Latham gingerly extended his hand, snatching back its paw it closed its small teeth upon the hand with a vicious snap. Mr. Latham used undesirable language.

"Damn the little beast!"

"Roderic!" cried Miss Hopkins.

The portly lady laughed.

"Has she not got lovely little sharp teeth?"

"You call them lovely, do you? I'd—I'd lovely them!"

"Perhaps, sir, you do not like dogs?"

"You don't call that thing a dog, do you?"

"What, then, do you call her? Is she not a darling little dog, Miss Hopkins?"

Miss Hopkins was regarding Mr. Latham contemplatively.

"It is very strange, Rosie never took to you. Do all dogs dislike you, Roderic?"

The portly lady interposed.

"I do not wish to hurt the gentleman's feelings, but, for my part, when all dogs do not like a person, I am not sure that I like that person either."

Mr. Latham drew himself up stiffly.

"May I be permitted, Irene, to continue what I was saying?"

"Good-bye, Charmante!"

There was a tender parting; the dog went off with the lady; Miss Hopkins followed them with her eyes. Mr. Latham continued:

"I trust that it is not necessary to remind you, Irene, that, at considerable inconvenience, I have come all the way from Morschach to point out that there is neither rhyme nor reason in our continuing to dilly-dally as we have been doing; that the sooner we are married the sooner we shall cease to misunderstand each other; that——"

"I am very sorry, Roderic, but I am not feeling very well. If you will excuse me I think I will retire to my room, and—try to rest. The sight of Charmante has revived in me memories of Rosie. I may be better able to talk to you in the morning."

Shortly after Mr. Latham met the lady with the dog.

"Madame, do you wish to sell that animal?"

"I have offered her to Miss Hopkins for five hundred francs, because Charmante loves her so. It makes me so jealous!"

"I'll give you six hundred francs."

"Six hundred francs!"

"If you'll poison the beast."

"If I——! Monsieur, I do not wish to speak to you, lest afterwards I regret it."

The lady sailed off with her head in the air. The venerable Major Morshead greeted him:

"Holloa, Latham, you appeared? What have you been saying to the lady?"

"I offered her six hundred francs for that dog of hers."

"Great Scott!"

"If she'd poison it."

"Ha ha ha!" The Major laughed, a little wheezily. "I should like to have seen her face. My dear fellow, when a woman gets to the pet dog stage it's because she's no longer fit company for a man."

That night, as Mr. Latham was retiring to rest, he regarded his pipe and his pouch fixedly, longingly. He placed them on the table beside his bed. As he tossed and tumbled he thought of them. When, in the morning, he awoke, he was under the impression that he had scarcely closed his eyes all night, which was a delusion. He stretched out his hand towards his pipe and his pouch, then drew it back; he used bad language, under his breath. He got out of bed in a bad temper. The moment he was outside his bedroom he lighted his pipe.

Later a note was given him.

My Dear Roderic,—I have bought Charmante; I could not help it, she made such an appeal to my wounded heart. Just now, when they brought my tea, she came running into my room, and leapt on to my bed, and sprang into my arms—oh, what an aching void she filled! I sent Madame Simon five hundred francs there and then—I could not have borne to let her go back again. Already I feel that I love her almost as much as I loved Rosie; indeed, in time I should not be surprised if I loved her more, for, after all, Rosie was of a lethargic disposition. Having gone through so much lately, to-day I shall stay in my own room. But do not let that keep you from returning to Morschach. I was so glad to see you. Perhaps I shall write to you shortly. Try to think kindly of Charmante for my sake.—Yours affectionately,

Irene Hopkins.

"At any rate," was Mr. Latham's comment upon this letter, "for some time to come I shall be able to enjoy a last-thing-at-night and a first-thing-in-the-morning pipe. It's amazing to me that a really intelligent man should allow himself to think twice about any woman."

Richard Marsh.

From the Sources of the Nile

HOW "THE BYSTANDER" LIGHTENS DARKEST AFRICA

The Editor is always pleased to receive photographs of readers taken in out-of-the-way and interesting quarters of the globe, or among unusual surroundings, and for every photograph published the sum of 10*s.* 6*d. is paid. If three photographs are received, which, in the Editor's opinion, are of very exceptional merit and interest, one prize of* £10 *and two of* £5 *each will be awarded in addition to the half-guinea*

In Eastern Sudan

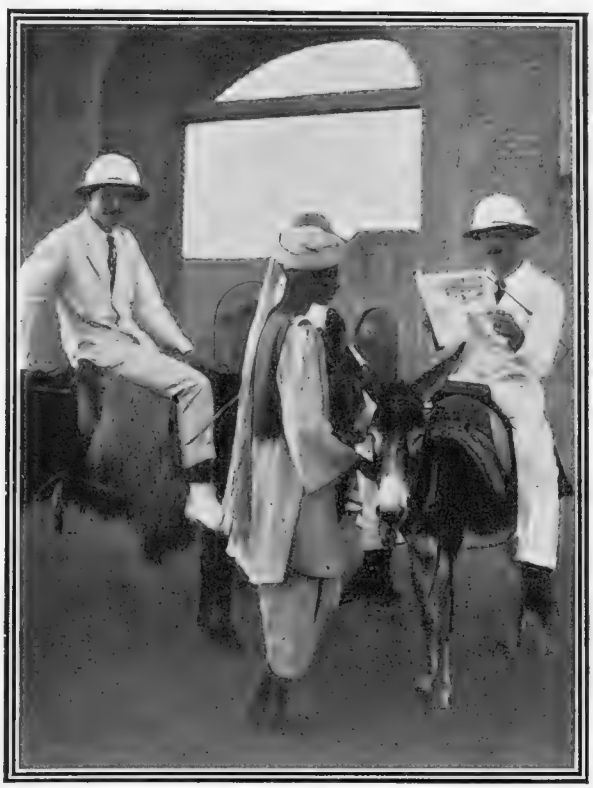
Taken at Gedaref, a little village about 100 miles from the Abyssinian frontier, in Eastern Sudan. The "Mamar," or chief police officer, is showing the paper to the curious crowd which had gathered to see the photograph taken. *Sent by Miss F. S. Collins, Leopold House, Reading*

On the Blue Nile

This photograph was taken at Soba, on the Blue Nile, in the wilds of the Sudan, some 1,800 miles South of Cairo. The native reading the paper had just been making excellent coffee with the very primitive utensils seen by his side. *Sent by Mrs. Reginald Oxley, c/o Major R. S. Oxley, King's Royal Rifles, Khartoum, Sudan*

What can they be laughing at?

Lukwyoro, a Lataka chief, and his three satellites make merry, though which of our humorous efforts it is that tickles their fancy we are at a loss to say. This photograph was taken in the extreme South of Sudan, on the White Nile. The chief is wearing one of the celebrated brass helmets, now exceedingly rare, made of human hair, interwoven with grass-string and covered with plates of beaten brass, while the crown is decorated with brass studs and an ostrich plume. *Sent by F. Spire, Esq., Acting Sub-Commissioner, Nile Province, Uganda*



At the Mahdi's Tomb, Omdurman

The scene of this photograph is the Mahdi's tomb in Omdurman. The country is now in a fair way towards regaining the prosperity so hampered by the troubles and wars of a few years back. The Sudan has been divided into thirteen provinces, each under a Governor, who is a British officer in the Egyptian Army. A college for the training of teachers has recently been opened at Omdurman. *Sent by A. B. Wakelin, Esq., A.S.C., Khartoum, Sudan*

By Field, Stream & Covert.

TO OUR READERS

We are always very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people to publish in the "Field, Stream, and Covert" pages, and for all photographs we reproduce, either a quarter or half-page size, we shall pay **5s.**, *and* **10s. 6d.** *for those used over this size. Photographs, which should be silver prints, must have been taken this season, and each print must bear the sender's name and address, besides full particulars as to when and where it was taken*

Longest Check of the Season

The beginning of the new year fortunately brought with it better hunting weather than prevailed in the last week of December, and after the longest check of the season, sport with hounds has been resumed. Quite one of the most pleasing incidents of the end of the old year was the presentation to Mr. Charles McNeill of the painting subscribed for by the farmers and tradesmen of the North Cotswold country. On New Year's Day he received his own portrait from members of the Hunt. A Master of Hounds has multitudinous cares and worries, but in after life the memory of them happily fades away, and the good sport and the pleasant times in kennel and field come first to mind. Yet it may safely be said that an ex-M.F.H. recalls nothing with greater satisfaction than the occasion on which his efforts to show sport and please everyone was marked by the practical appreciation of his followers. Years may come and go, but that charming little presentation ceremony, of which he was the central figure, will always remain a cherished memory to the old Master of Hounds.

Appreciation of a Notable M.F.H.

During his five seasons in the leadership of the North Cotswold Hounds Mr. McNeill did only one thing that was distasteful to the followers of the pack, and that was to send in his resignation. Nor can one wonder that they were unwilling to lose his services, for, without any reflection upon previous Masters of the pack, it may be remarked that Mr. McNeill's term of office ranks as much the most brilliant in the North Cotswold history. He learnt nearly all his hunting in Leicestershire under Tom Firr—and what finer tutor could the enthusiast have had? I can quote no better evidence of the Master's popularity and success than the fact that subscriptions were exactly doubled during his association with the Hunt. In the matter of sport, he beat all previous records. The best on record was 25 brace of foxes killed up to the time he came to the pack, whereas Mr. McNeill, in his worst season, brought 36½ brace to hand, and in his final season, which was by far the best, he killed 48½ brace. Throughout the five seasons, he never had a blank day, and he left the country plentifully stocked with foxes. It is to be

A present from the farmers

The hounds of the North Cotswold Hunt, painted by Mr. Cuthbert Bradley and presented by the farmers and tradesmen of the Hunt to the retiring M.F.H., Mr. Charles McNeill. The foremost hounds, Piteous and Pilgrim, by Belvoir Handel, are painted one-third life size, with Dan Reid, the kennel huntsman, and others in the background. The canvas measures 40 in. by 22 in., and on the frame is inscribed, "In memory of grand sport and good fellowship"

Badminton and Fox-hunting: The Duke of Beaufort and his children at the Badminton Kennels

Left to right: The Duke of Beaufort, Lady Blanche Somerset, the Marquis of Worcester, Lady Diana Somerset

Badminton and fox-hunting have long been synonymous terms, and the present Duke is as keen a sportsman as his forefathers. The Duchess has also proved herself one of the best lady riders of her time, and there is every indication that their children will carry on the family traditions

regretted that this fine huntsman, with his great knowledge of the sport, should not now be in active service. Cottesmore men, I imagine, would be glad to get such a successor to Mr. Evan Hanbury, if the rumour of the latter's impending resignation takes definite shape.

Badminton and Fox-hunting

These words are synonymous, for it is difficult to imagine a Duke of Beaufort who was not passionately devoted to the sport. It has been well said that there is no place where a Duke is found at home so often and on so many days in the year as in Badminton House. Probably his Grace lives more at home than any other nobleman in the land, and he does so because he derives more pleasure and more sport by residing amongst his people and friends than he would do if he lived elsewhere. Surely that circumstance is of immense benefit to the country that lies around his far-spreading Badminton estate, and if more of our great landowners followed the Duke of Beaufort's example we should hear less frequently lamentations of the growing depopulation of the land, and the decline of agricultural interests. The Duchess is scarcely less keen than the Duke on matters pertaining to fox-hunting, and in the Shires, as well as in Gloucestershire, she has proved herself one of the best lady riders to hounds of her time. Their children are being reared, as it were, in the atmosphere of fox-hunting, and the little Marquis of Worcester will not want for qualifications when the time comes for him to carry on the traditions of "Badminton and Fox-hunting."

With the Whaddon Chase

Some of the best-known figures in that attractive hunting country, the Vale of Aylesbury, are seen in the accompanying illustration of the meet of the Whaddon Chase Hounds at Creslow. Lord Orkney, who has with him his little daughter, wants a lot of beating over the fine pastures, stiff fences, and ever-recurring brooks of the Vale, and I know no better judge of a hunter. Mr. Selby Lowndes is now the sole Master of the pack, his father having retired at the end of last season, and it may be mentioned that the hounds have been hunted by the Selby Lowndes family for over a century. The pack and kennels are the property of the Master, together with 7,000 acres of land and eighteen fox coverts. It is the boast of the Whaddon Chase people that there is an entire absence of wire in the country, and that undoubtedly accounts in part for the big fields which habitually ride with the hounds; but I notice that the huntsman, H. Goddard, was recently reported to have had a fall over wire, which seems to show that the insidious strands will creep into the best-managed and most sporting of countries.

Recent Covert Shooting

Shooting men, no less than followers of hounds, suffered by the very severe weather of Christmas week, and many a proposed attack on the coverts had to be postponed. The King and the Prince of Wales, with several members of His Majesty's house-party, managed to bring off a day's shooting in some of the woods near

Sandringham, but when it is mentioned that the snow was lying to the depth of a foot, and the Princess of Wales and her two eldest boys were driving on the same day in a sleigh, it can be imagined that the conditions were not exactly favourable for shooting. A few days previously, the Prince of Wales had enjoyed some excellent sport with driven partridges at Brocket Hall, in Hertfordshire, where he was entertained by Lord and Lady Mount Stephen. It is tolerably well known that His Royal Highness is one of the finest shots of the day, and his accurate eye, quickness of movement, and promptitude of decision, make him particularly good with driven birds. Regret reigned in many country houses that the weather at Christmas should have been so bad, for covert-shooting is always a thing of special enjoyment at this time of the year. In the ordinary way, the Christmas shooting-party is more of a gathering of old friends and relations than a group of experts bent solemnly on eclipsing past records. One meets men with all sorts of idiosyncrasies—the selfish individual, who sees no harm in killing other people's birds over their heads, or the zealous fellow, who shouts loudly for the bird whenever he happens to shoot simultaneously with another member of the party—but all these and other faults are forgiven at this particular season of goodwill and joviality, united censure being reserved for the man who carries his gun as though it were a toy, and is a constant danger accordingly to himself and his companions.

A. W. C.

GARDEN NOTES

The evolution of the modern garden would make a most interesting subject for a book. No farther back than the eighteenth century the shears seem to have been the principal horticultural implement, and grotesque animals cut out of box were grouped round the lawn, just as they were in that far-away Tusculan garden which Pliny loved. Among its many adornments was his name carved out of the same shrub, a practice still followed in some Italian gardens—notably, in those of the Vatican, where the Pope's name and the date of his accession are, or always used to be, shown in this way. Pliny employed the word "topiarius" to cover the whole domain of horticulture, and that is what it practically did until a very much later date. In England many other plants were treated in the same manner as the box—the cotoneaster, the privet, the yew, and so on. Of one of the buckthorns, the *Retired Gardener*, published in 1706, says, "You give it what shape you think fit by the help of your shears, which, being well guided, will make the shrub of a very agreeable figure." Evelyn claimed, "without vanitie," the merit of having introduced into this country the fashion of clipping the yew, "whether in hedges or pyramids, conic spires, bowls, or what other shapes." Evelyn was also very fond of a holly hedge, and in his garden at Say's Court, Deptford, there was a fine specimen which was thoroughly spoilt during the residence there of Peter the Great.

Photo] **A Fine Example of "Topiary" Gardening: The maze at Elvaston Castle, Lord Harrington's seat** [*Keene*

It appears as if the vogue of clipping trees into various shapes were again coming into fashion. Though in summer such gardens are certainly not so attractive as a natural garden, with its flowers, in winter, especially when there is snow, the effect is very striking

To Relieve Monotony

In order to relieve the monotony of green in these topiary gardens, beds of coloured glass and sand, arranged in elaborate patterns, and enclosed by dwarf box, were introduced, and soon became popular. Bacon, however, speaks of them rather contemptuously. "As for the making of knots and figures with coloured earths," he says, "they be but toys; you may see as good sights many times in tarts." Pope and other writers vigorously attacked, in the *Guardian*, all these eccentricities, and they gradually fell into disrepute. But whether they are gone for ever is doubtful. Loudon, writing in 1838, shrewdly says: "Such is the ardent desire of the human mind for novelty that we have no doubt clipped trees and shrubs will, at no distant period, be occasionally reintroduced into gardens." A visit to one of the Royal Horticultural Society's shows will prove him to have been a true prophet. Several of the old topiary gardens still exist in England, that at Elvaston being one of the most notable. They are undoubtedly interesting and very quaint, and though their artificiality may prejudice some against them, they are not without their charm. In summer they may not be so attractive as a natural garden, with all its wealth of flowers, but in winter, when they are white with snow, they are wondrously beautiful.

RUSTICUS.

The Prince of Wales shooting driven partridges at Lord Mount Stephen's seat, Brocket Hall

Lord Mount Stephen, who is standing in the foreground, has recently entertained the Prince of Wales at Brocket Hall, Herts, where he enjoyed some excellent sport with driven partridges. As is generally known, the Prince is an excellent shot, and is particularly good with driven birds

Photo *Newman*

With the Whaddon Chase: Some well-known followers at a meet at Creslow

Left to right: Mr. and Mrs. Rowland, Mr. W. Selby Lowndes (the Master), Lady Dashwood, the Earl of Orkney and his little daughter, Lady Mary Fitzmaurice

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books to Order this Week

"Love Stories of Some Famous Women." By L. A. M. Priestley. (H. J. Drane: 6*s.*)

"The Sorrows of Michael." By Mulvy Ouseley. (Gay and Bird: 6*s.*)

"Puccini." By Wakeling Dry. (John Lane: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Cambridge Apostles." By Mrs. Charles Brookfield. (Putman: 21*s.*)

"Winged Words." Anon. (John Lane.)

The Management of the "Mail"

It is authorised by the *Daily Mail* to deny, most emphatically, the statement issued by a weekly paper, that there is a change in the management of our contemporary, by which Mr. Pomeroy Burton, late City Editor of the *New York American*, has been appointed, at a pittance of £5,000 annually (the salary of the Premier), to "Americanise" the *Daily Mail* and the *Evening News*. Carmelite House, I gather, regards the whole story with mild amusement. Mr. Burton, it is true, has been lately in London—possibly for his health; he has, maybe, enjoyed our recent wintry wave, sleighed a little, tobogganed some. He is, however, not the manager of the *Mail*. It is, of course, quite possible for a paper to have, as Mark Twain said of vices, no American manager — "but worse." The *Times*, for instance, has no American *manager*, but it has Mr. Hooper. Similarly, of course, the *Mail* may have no American manager, but—Mr. Burton. For my part, I should be only too glad to account for that gentleman's presence over here by the sleighing and tobogganing theory, for I had fondly hoped that halfpenny newspaper proprietors had had enough of the American newsman four or five years ago. The episode of the Yankee reporter at Osborne who, on the official announcement of the death of Queen Victoria, cried, "Come along, boys. The old girl's dead. Let's go and have a drink!" is still remembered; and I recall an editor, who was also at the time possessed of American reporters, crying out that "these sons of Zeruiah be too much for me." One of them had just gone to him, in connection with a prominent murder case, and said, "Wal, Mr. ——, are we to hang this man, or let him off?" Whatever the merits of American methods in America, the citizens of which do not regard truth as an essential to news, but want the "story" to be good, there is little or no room for them here. Poor stupid, honest old John Bull still likes at least a basis of fact in his news-pars. He likes the incident reported at least to have happened, even if, in a halfpenny paper, he is not particular as to the exact time and place. Of course, supposing he *had* been the *Mail's* new Manager, Mr. Burton might have perceived this odd trait in old John. An American "City Editor" has no inherent repugnance for a fact—if it is a live and interesting fact—and Mr. Burton might have found it possible to "Americanise" the Carmelite journals in brightness and arrangement, while keeping in their columns a goodly enough contingent, daily, of the "stubborn things." If so, then everyone would have rejoiced. Nobody wants British journalism to reject what is good in American methods, that it may preserve what is bad in British ones.

Mrs. George McCracken

Who, under the pseudonym L. A. M. Priestley, has written a very interesting book entitled "The Love Stories of Some Famous Women" (H. J. Drane, St. Bride's Press)

The Master-Woman and Her Love Affairs

At a time when militant womanhood is again on the warpath in the protestation of her rights, literature bearing on the theme is highly appropriate. Though not written with any propagandist intent, *The Love Stories of Some Famous Women*, by L. A. M. Priestley (Mrs. George McCracken) (H. J. Drane: 6*s.*), is calculated to administer a jar as nasty to the male partisan as would a dozen raids on the Commons. Here, indeed, man is seen in a mean enough perspective—in the guise of the lover of the master-woman. Mrs. McCracken has selected eight women of strong character, and has told us how, and with what effect, they fell in love. In two of the cases, those of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and of Isabel, Lady Burton, we have, of course, the woman of strong personality wedded to the man of equal (or greater) calibre, and in such cases a certain measure of happiness is recorded. In most of the other cases, however, the master-woman has allied herself with man to her undoing. In the case of George Eliot, her irregular alliance with George Henry Lewes involved social disaster, if domestic bliss. The genius of Mrs. Siddons so overshadowed her husband, both publicly and privately, that he figures in her love story in the mean rôle of dependent and satellite. Charlotte Brontë, after amazing the world with "Jane Eyre," married a country curate of hopelessly blameless character, who disapproved of her literary habits and parochialised her, through the medium of mothers' meetings and Sunday school treats, into inanition. Mme. Roland (Marie Philpon) wedded a great man, intellectually, to discover him to be, emotionally, her antithesis, and, as a consequence, she loved the revolutionary Buzon, and died nobly at the guillotine. Christina Rossetti

is another victim of male inadequacy, but the offence of the creature in her particular case is that he did not exist, thus imposing on a charming poetess the tragedy of possessing a loving nature, but having nobody to love. Of course, the author, who has done her task with great thoroughness, and compiled quite an interesting and vivid book, had no intent whatever to slur the male sex. That the sex should, in cases where great women have stooped to conquer them, have shown themselves, in matrimony, such sorry respondents, is the sex's own horrid fault. If they would retaliate, the only course would seem to be to publish, in reply to this one volume, a library of books detailing the love stories of famous men. Stories where men of great intellect and character have allied themselves to women of no other than purely domestic qualities are legion. Where, however, such a work would react on its author's case would be that, in the majority of cases, marriages between "artist man and mother woman," as Mr. Shaw puts it, have been quite tolerably happy, and where it has been otherwise, man's infidelity or emotional sterility have, as often as not, been the cause.

A Life of Puccini

Mr. Wakeling Dry has long been known to the musical world as an able critic, an analytical programme-maker, and the author of some charming explanatory handbooks of the various operas. He has now entered the field of biography, and to Mr. Lane's "Living Masters of Music" series has contributed the only existing record of the life and work of Puccini. Some may think it a little premature to "biograph" a composer who is still in his prime, and, musically, still on the upward grade. Fancy a biography of Wagner when he was Puccini's age (48). It would have had to treat of the composer before *Tristan*, *The Meistersinger*, *Siegfried*, *Götterdämmerung*, and *Parsifal* had seen the light. Puccini may, for aught we know, be only as yet in the preparatory stage, and *La Bôhème* and *Madama Butterfly* but the precursors of immensely greater music. But, then, on the other hand, he may not. However, apart from the question of criticism, the biography of a living composer, and some explanation of his methods of work, is of great public service. It is exceedingly interesting to know, from Mr. Dry's pages, something of the point of view of this very attractive musician, how he gained his earliest footing in Milan with his operas *Edgar*, *Le Villi*, *Manon*, before delighting the world with *Bôhème* and *Butterfly*, and setting it by the ears with *Tosca*. As Puccini had the courage to take, as subjects, modern comedies, and to set to music colloquial dialogues, to give us operatic characters in modern dress, and amid modern environment, he might well have been the object of ridicule. But his gift of flowing melody, his freshness, and his sane employment of Wagnerian methods, have silenced the captious once and for all.

Mr. Long v. Mr. Lane

I have received the following from Mr. John Long:—

13 and 14, Norris Street, Haymarket, London, December 31, 1906.

SIR,—I have noted with much interest the remarks in your impression of the 12th inst., with reference to the similarity to "Mr. and Mrs. Villiers" of the novel recently issued by Mr. John Lane under the title, "A Boy's Marriage." May I point out, however, that the explanation which you propound of Mr. Lane's inconsistency, in indignantly repudiating the former book and subsequently publishing the latter, is not a feasible one, since his "disclaimer" appeared before "Mr. and Mrs. Villiers" had left my hands, and while his knowledge of its nature was confined to the *Daily Mail's* horrified intimation that it was a novel having as its theme "physical disunion in marriage." A book treating such a subject, the publisher of "The Woman Who Did" "need not say," did not bear his imprint. Now that "Mr. and Mrs. Villiers" has made a mark, and has passed into a third edition, he has apparently found it convenient to change his opinion.—I am, Sir, faithfully yours, JOHN LONG.

"The Sorrows of Michael"

The Sorrows of Michael, by Mr. Mulvy Ouseley (Gay and Bird: 6*s*.), is not in the least like "The Sorrows of Werter," or "The Sorrows of Satan," or any other book of sorrow that it has been my joy to read. The "sorrows" experienced by Michael Markham, the chief character of this bright and readable novel, are not of the philosophical character which might win him sympathy, as were those of the heroes, respectively, of the Goethe and Corelli masterpieces; they are the natural perquisites of a truly villainous character. Michael is a man to be loathed by all healthy-minded men and women. He is a blackguard in a large way of business, a foul murderer, who thank goodness, gets unhanded in the end through the genius of Mr. Ephraim Tuck, a detective. The story travels, and has a cosmopolitan smack about it, passing genially from London to Brighton, over the seas to Holland, and coming to an end in Constantinople, where villainy meets its fate, and virtue rises triumphant. There is a fine character-study of a halfpenny newspaper proprietor—the father of the heroine—Sir Brutus Knapp, a positive monster of vulgar opportunism. As the characters of the story are said to be "living personages with assumed names," I suppose Sir Brutus is a portrait—though I do not quite know which of the newspaper "bosses" of the day speaks with so strong a Cockney accent. Had it been a Lancashire accent, now——.

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Mr. Wakeling Dry

Musical critic and author of the "Life of Puccini" (John Lane: 2*s*. 6*d*.)

Golf Notes and Notions

The New Regulations for the Open Championship

The delegates of the five clubs governing the Open Championship have come to a decision on the knotty problem submitted to them, and have just given out the result of their labours to an expectant golfing world.

Briefly stated, the new regulations are as follows. Four days, instead of three, will in future be allotted to the contest. On the first two days the competitors will play two qualifying rounds in the following manner. They will be divided into two sections, the first section playing two rounds on the first day, and the second section the same number of rounds on the second day. Out of each of these sections the thirty lowest scorers, or such further number as may be caused by ties, will qualify to play for the Championship, which will be contested, in the same manner as heretofore, on the third and fourth days. Let me put things in plain figures. Suppose 200 players enter. Their places will be drawn in the usual manner. The first 100 would play two rounds on the first day, and the remaining 100 two rounds on the second day. Sixty players, with the addition of any players who may have tied for the thirtieth place in either section, will then be qualified to compete for the Championship on the third and fourth days by playing two rounds on each day, those who are fifteen strokes behind the leader at the end of the third day being compulsorily retired, and the survivors fighting out the battle on the last day.

A Disappointing Announcement

As I warned my readers last week, I had very little hope that the new scheme would contain any element of match play. But, apart from that, I am considerably disappointed with the new regulations. They do not, in my opinion, touch the root difficulty of the problem. The point we all have in view is the solution of the problem of numbers. This has been shirked, and we have a remedy given to us which I feel sure will prove but temporary and inadequate. Every player will now consider himself justified in entering, as the qualifying stage will give him the excuse that he wants, and no restraining feeling of modesty, which may have acted as a deterrent in many cases in the old days, will now influence his decision as to whether or no he shall enter.

Flower Girl: "Bunch of flowers, lidy?" (No answer.) "Bunch of beautiful flowers, lidy?" (No answer.) "What an 'orrible thing it is to be dumb!"

The Inevitable Results

The inevitable result will follow in a few years time, that the entries will be so great that it will be impossible to get two rounds played on each of the first two days by half of the competitors. Another day would have to be added for the qualifying rounds, and the Championship would consume five days. Then there is the question of the luck of the draw, which is always trotted out against the idea of match play. Just consider what an advantage the players drawn for the first day will have over those who have to play their qualifying rounds on the second day. The first batch will have a complete day's rest before entering on the arduous seventy-two holes of the Championship proper, while the second batch will have to play six rounds without any day's rest intervening between their qualifying rounds and the final stage. This consideration, by itself, taints the new regulations with the element of unfairness, and adds an immense premium to the luck of the draw. In a minor competition this would not matter so much, but in the case of the greatest golfing prize of the year it is a grave blemish. Let us suppose that the first half play their qualifying rounds on a fine day. The next day is one of those pitilessly soaking wet days which many of us can remember during Championship competitions. The unhappy second batch have to play two rounds on that hideous day, while their lucky brethren sit comfortably at home, and come out on the third day without having had any damage done to themselves or their clubs by the rain-storm of the previous day. Just think what a howl would go up from the survivors of the second day at the unfairness of the regulations.

An Orgy of Scoring

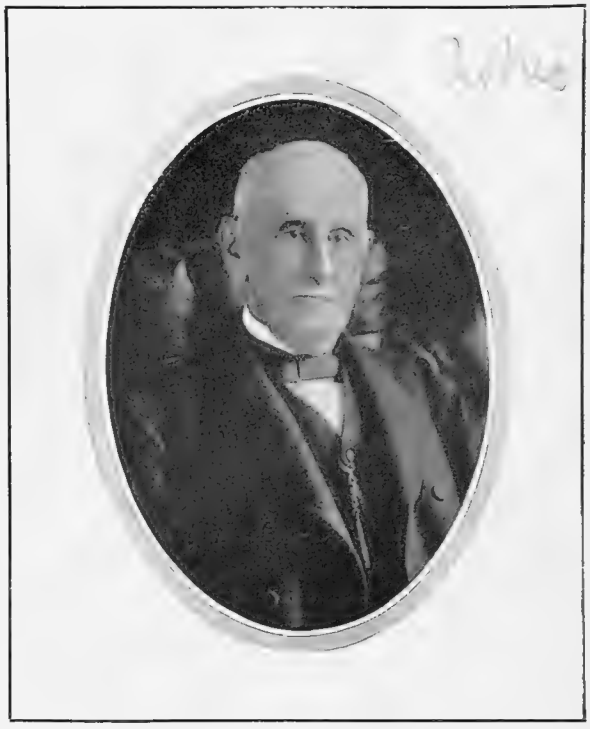
A further defect, naturally enough, in my eyes is the horrible increase in the duration of the scoring test. Four rounds of scoring spread over three days was bad enough; but what are we to think of six rounds spread over four days, during which unhappy markers will have to perform their duties during eight rounds? It seems to me a perfect nightmare, a horrible orgy of scoring. Those who object to five matches of thirty-six holes as too great a test for a champion are kindly invited to consider how they like 108 holes of scoring. This way madness and monotony lie. I am afraid that these regulations are but a poor solution of our difficulties, and that they will not stand the test of time.

Ernest Lehmann.

MEAT FROM MEXICO

Recent discussions as to the packing business have awakened great public interest in the meat trade, and the news that a modern packing company is being established in Mexico is very welcome. The Government of Mexico has encouraged the establishment of the business, and everything points to the fact that a substantial industry will soon be an accomplished fact. Mexico is eminently adapted for such an enterprise. Under the *régime* of President Diaz, the country has been developed and improved, but there still remain great enterprises that should be carried out, and the proper organisation of the meat industry is the greatest of them all.

The Federal Government of Mexico has granted concessions to the Mexican National Packing Company to open packing plants in several States and cold storage warehouses in the City of Mexico and throughout the Republic. The business has been organised by Mr. John W. DeKay, who obtained the Government concessions. Some of the most able men in Mexico are with him in the enterprise, among them being Senator Sebastian Camacho, Mexico's most distinguished business man, President of the National Bank of Mexico and Vice-President of the Federal State. Mr. DeKay, who is now in London, has interested many influential Englishmen in this new Company, among them being Sir Wm. Wiseman, London Manager of the Imperial Cold Storage Company, Mr. Joseph Moore, Chairman of the London Central Markets' Cold Storage Company, Sir Wm. Haynes Smith, Lafayette H. De Friese, and the Hon. Adolfo Bulle, Consul-General of Mexico in London.



Senator Sebastian Camacho

Mexico's most distinguished business man. President of the National Bank of Mexico and Vice-President of the Mexican National Packing Company

Mr. John W. DeKay

President of the Mexican National Packing Company

"Our plans are very clear," said Mr. DeKay to a representative of THE BYSTANDER. "We are establishing a modern packing business. Our aim will be to have everything spotlessly clean and sanitary, and always under strict Government inspection. We are also establishing factories, so that the by-products of the meat business may be utilised, and thus our business will be run on the most economical lines. Our first aim will be to give the Mexican people clean and wholesome meat, and afterwards we shall send our products to the markets of other countries. Mexico, you must remember, is only twelve to thirteen days' journey from England, and its geographical position—north of the Equator—is very favourable to the exportation of chilled meat. Its resources are almost as large as those of the Argentine Republic, as it has an area of 767,000 square miles. Your present method of importing live cattle and having them slaughtered in London is wasteful. In Mexico we have cheaper labour, cheaper raw material, and we are able to turn the by-products of the meat business into money. In one packing-house alone, now constructed, we can deal with 3,500 cattle, 3,500 hogs, and 3,500 sheep every week. Two additional plants, each with about the same capacity, will be constructed by the Company this year."

Games and Pastimes

Women's Hockey and the Tell-Tale Camera

A writer on hockey in one of the sporting dailies has put forward the curious proposition that professional photographers ought not to be allowed to take snapshots of ladies' hockey matches, on the ground that the pictures resulting therefrom are sometimes not altogether decent. Now, of course, we all know that the camera, when photographing living things in motion, is untrue to this extent—that it reproduces as an *attitude* something which is really only an infinitesimal part of a movement; so that, in order to reproduce, say, a galloping horse, a dancer, or a person playing hockey, exactly as seen by the human eye, the aid of the bioscope is necessary. And it is an undoubted fact that lady hockey-players are often "caught" in undesirable postures which are so transient that they are not noticeable. But this is not invariably the case. Sometimes the posture is maintained sufficiently long to leave as faithful an impression of it upon the eye as upon the plate or film of the camera, and of such postures there are plenty which are not wholly unexceptionable. But, this being so, it seems to me a little hard upon the poor photographer that he should be branded as a sort of Paul Pry, and that lady hockey-players should be allowed to say to him, "Go away, naughty man, this is no place for you." If women choose to play hockey in public, they must be prepared to face the drawbacks (as well as the advantages) which publicity entails. And here comes my main point, which is that the remedy really rests with themselves, and that they have not yet learnt to dress suitably for the game. If appropriate costumes have been evolved for such strenuous exercises as fencing, swimming, and gymnastics, surely the same thing ought not to be difficult in the case of hockey, although I am not prepared to say exactly how this is to be achieved. Still, I do think that, in the first place, the idea that hockey can be played in what is little more (or less) than an ordinary walking costume must be given up, and I believe that the woman's hockey dress of the future will be an entirely distinctive "rig"—worn only on the field of play, and looking all right because it is exactly suited to its wearer's requirements.

"Good-bye! Pleased to Have Met You!"

It is impossible for me in the small space at my disposal to attempt anything like a review of the South African Rugby team's tour, which terminated last week with a record, so far as the British Isles are concerned, of twenty-five wins, two losses (*v.* Scotland and Cardiff), and one draw (*v.* England). It is a significant fact that the three matches which they

The Middlesex Badminton Championships: A group of competitors

FRONT ROW (*from left to right*): A. D. Prebble, S. M. Massey, Norman Wood
SECOND ROW: Miss Hogarth, Miss M. E. Brown, Miss Murray, Miss Lucas, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Binyon, Miss Cundall
THIRD ROW: F. Abbatt, A. Cowley, Miss Mathew Lannowe, Miss Bateman, Miss C. Douglas, Miss Orr, G. A. Thomas, Fred Chesterton, E. Young

The Middlesex County Badminton Championships were played at Badminton Hall, Ealing, last week. The Ladies' Doubles was won by Miss M. Lucas and Miss M. E. Brown. In the Gentlemen's Doubles, the holders, Mr. H. N. Marrett and Mr. G. A. Thomas were defeated by Mr. J. C. T. Barnes and Mr. S. M. Massey. The Mixed Doubles was won by Miss Hogarth and Mr. Marrett

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did not win were all "quagmire" matches, and that they, not unnaturally, failed under conditions which are hardly ever encountered in South Africa, and under which their main source of strength — their great pace — could not be properly used. It is also noteworthy that they were very unlucky in the matter of injuries—doubtless owing to the dashing and fearless, if not at times positively reckless, style of their game. A finer set of backs it would be difficult to pick anywhere, but the forwards were not uniformly good, though, at times, they came out so strong as to compel those who (like myself) had classed them as only moderate, to eat their words. I have already said on a former occasion that it is barely possible to compare their record with that of the New Zealanders, for the bulk of their matches were against county teams, and we all know that, with some rare exceptions, county football is about the weakest kind of football there is. So that they had not as tough a programme to get through as the All-Blacks. On the other hand, their victories were all gained by good, fair-and-square football of the English type, whereas the New Zealanders employed methods which, though fair and straightforward enough according to their own interpretation of the laws, were novel to us, and, therefore, all the more difficult to combat. As chief of these may be mentioned their different reading of the "obstruction" law, their practice of giving to every forward his allotted place in the scrum and making their opponents wait while he took it, and their use of code words for the purpose of letting their own side know (and concealing from their opponents) the tactics to be employed. On the whole, therefore, the South African tour has been the more instructive of the two, because it has proved that football of the kind which was in vogue in the 'eighties can still hold its own and a bit over, and that, faulty as the laws of the game are, it can still be played in a proper spirit by those who are mindful of its traditions.

The Football "Entente": The France v. England Rugby Match at Richmond

Though an English team visited Paris last year, Saturday's match was the first time a representative French team has visited England. France was beaten by 41 points to 13, but their defeat was mainly due to their lightness. These matches will in future be biennial

The Corinthians: A Withdrawal

Last week, I animadverted on the Corinthians for what I was given to understand was their casual conduct in failing to turn up to the match between Millwall and themselves. I have subsequently received the following letter from a reader who is in the know, and which puts rather a different complexion on the matter:—

> I notice in your issue of the 2nd inst. that you publish a severe criticism of the Corinthians on account of their alleged unsportsmanlike conduct in not turning out for their fixture against Millwall. The facts are as follows: Owing to the dislocation of the train service, caused by the severe snowstorm, only five of the Corinthian team turned up to time, but of the others, five turned up only a little late, and the sixth saw, when he reached Fenchurch Street, a Reuter's telegram announcing that the match was abandoned, and he consequently turned back instead of proceeding to the ground. The match was abandoned not because the Corinthians had not turned up, but because the ground happened to have been rendered unplayable through the snow.

I might point out that my correspondent admits that five of the team were unpunctual, and that, after all, is almost the crux of the situation. I was not merely commenting on the Corinthians' remissness with regard to one match only, but my point was that amateur clubs, and the leading ones first of all, should set an example in seeing that their teams appear at least as punctually as the public expects professionals to do.

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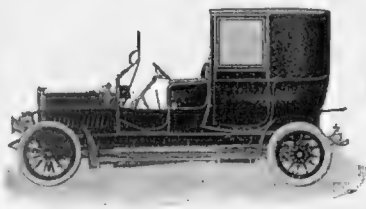

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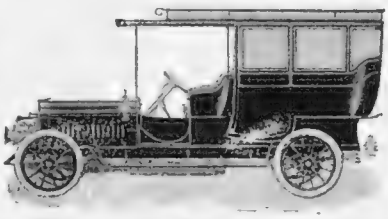

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The worth of Clothes is not just the price you pay for them. A suit is worth just so much to you as what you consider the value of what it does towards making you look well-dressed. That—taking into consideration its Wearing quality. Thus, it is possible that a suit for which you paid fifty-five shillings may be worth more than one for which you paid four guineas.

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Mr. Bult's tailoring makes for the production of clothes of Worth, for its guiding principles are . . . personal work . . . personal supervision . . . careful attention to those details which make for differences . . . the building of a suit instead of the manufacturing of one.

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Telephone: 7681 GERRARD. **Telegrams: "MITCHMOGAR, LONDON."**

THE MITCHELL GARAGE, 114, WARDOUR STREET, LONDON, W.

Automobile Topics.

By DOUGLAS MILLER

Tourist Trophy Rules

With the advent of another year one is naturally inclined to look forward with pleasurable expectation to the chief events of motoring interest in 1907. Of our home fixtures, one of the principal will be the annual contest for the Tourist Trophy. It is not yet officially announced where this year's race will be run, but, in all probability, the venue will, as heretofore, be the Isle of Man, and the date somewhere about Midsummer. The Automobile Club has recently issued the rules and regulations which are to govern this year's competition, and a brief *resumé* thereof may not be out of place. It must be conceded that such alterations and amendments as have been made by the Club Committee mark a distinct advance towards the evolution of the ideal touring car, the general tendency being towards an encouragement of the rational and the elimination of the "freak." The rules governing body construction and dimensions have been added to, and a minimum distance of 5 ft. 3 in. from dashboard to front edge of driving tyre is now prescribed. The fuel basis is, of course, still one of the chief factors of the contest, the allowance being—as was the case last autumn—one gallon for every twenty-five miles, the distance, however, being increased from 160 to 240 miles. In last year's race, competitors had the option of using any one of five brands of petrol with specific gravity, ranging from ·695 to ·705. This year a special brand of Tourist Trophy spirit is to be prepared, with a specific gravity of ·715 to ·725. This alteration is the more welcome as it may lead to the adoption of a different standard of petrol for ordinary use, with a consequent increase in the quantity available.

Car-icatures: No. IX.—The Duke of Portland

Though an enthusiastic motorist, he has not altogether forsaken older means of locomotion, and till last year he was Master of the Horse. His private track is always at the disposal of clubs for meetings and trials

By Alick P. F. Ritchie

* * *

Wheel-base and Tonneau

Cars this year must have a track not less than 4 ft. 6 in., an increase of 6 in. in width over last year's minimum, and the minimum of wheel-base is 8 ft. Mudguards, stays, lamp-brackets, and steps, are now to be considered as forming an integral part of the chassis, and the weight to be carried is to be not less than 1,400 lb. The minimum chassis weight has been abolished, although what may be termed top hamper—driver, mechanic, ballast, spares, tools, and provisions—must reach the figure just mentioned. Plans of various kinds of body-work are to be issued to entrants, and all tonneaux must be substantially built and readily removable. Efficiency silencers must be fitted, no form of auxiliary exhaust being allowed, and all joints must be permanent and tight. Not more than four forward speeds will be allowed, and each car will be required to demonstrate its ability to travel half a mile on the level at not more than twelve miles an hour on top forward gear. It must also be capable of being stopped, restarted, and driven up an incline of 1 in 6, three attempts of this feat being permitted.

Photo *Topical Agency*

"Where Are We?" Hatfield, the first village to be labelled by the Automobile Association

This photograph was taken by flashlight in the snow, and shows one of the exceedingly useful name-boards now being erected by the Automobile Association at the entrance to the villages and towns on the main roads

* * *

Weighing

All cars must be weighed immediately after passing the finishing point, a provision that should obviate such a fiasco as

ELYSÉE PALACE HOTEL, PARIS.

Of late years various hotel projects have sprung into existence in the fashionable quarters of Paris, but the **"ELYSÉE PALACE"** remains—as hitherto—by far the most beautiful and most comfortable hotel in the superb city on the Seine.

Kings, Princes, Peers, and Potentates from all parts of the globe make the **"ELYSÉE"** their home from time to time during the year, mingling with the *élite* of European and American society.

There is a noticeable absence of formality at the **"ELYSÉE PALACE,"** and the prevailing tone in all its arrangements and appointments is **PARISIAN REFINEMENT,** combined with **ENGLISH COMFORT,** a happy combination which characterises the **"ELYSÉE"** as **the most comfortable hotel on the Continent.**

It may be added that the world-famous manager, M. Jules Cesari, still presides with ever-increasing popularity: and the five o'clock tea gathering in the spacious Grand Hall, enlivened by the well-known Neapolitan Orchestra, remains one of the attractive features of the **"ELYSÉE PALACE."**

Tariffs from **"ELYSÉE," 13, Abchurch Lane, E.C.**

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In the feeding of children a supply of pure milk is of the utmost importance, for a young infant is quickly upset by partially souring milk. The "*Allenburys*" *Milk Foods* are made from perfectly fresh milk, and the method of manufacture absolutely precludes all risk of contamination with noxious germs. A perfect substitute for the natural food of the child is obtained and vigorous growth and health are promoted. No diarrhœa or digestive troubles need be feared when the "*Allenburys*" *Milk Foods* are given. The Milk Foods are made in a minute by the addition of hot water only.

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Milk Food No. 1 from birth to 3 months. **Milk Food No. 2** from 3 to 6 months. **Malted Food No. 3** from 6 months upwards.

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Motoring in Australia: Three members of the Brough-Fleming Theatrical Company at Mount Tofty, South Australia

Though the heavy import duties are rather hampering the spread of motoring in the Commonwealth, cars are coming into common use in the cities and large townships

occurred last year, when the car which did second fastest time was disqualified by reason of having left some of its ballast on the roadway, although no official confirmation of the fact was attempted. Special regulations as to practice are laid down, and should the Isle of Man be the scene of the contest, the inhabitants will not be greatly inconvenienced. Thus, driving on the course on Sundays will not be allowed under pain of immediate disqualification, and practising over the selected route will only be permitted for fourteen days prior to the race, between daylight and 7.30 a.m., no competitor being allowed to drive or to be driven as a passenger on any car outside the prescribed hours. This last provision has its humorous side, and should prove beneficial to the local cab industry, inasmuch as, should a car break down on one of its trial spins, and its driver desire to journey from Douglas in the daytime to effect repairs, he must travel by train, horse conveyance, or foot. The only additional rule worthy of note is that which empowers the Club to arrange and settle all claims for damage arising from the act or actions of any competitor or his employées, and to recover the amount thereof from the entrant concerned.

* * *

Automobilism Abroad

Slowly, perhaps, but none the less surely, the automobile is making its way into popular use and favour in our great dependencies abroad. India, Canada, and Australia already do good business with the Mother Country, and signs are not wanting which point to a great extension in the near future. In this number of The Bystander are two photographs from Canada and Australia, and, concerning motor matters in the great island continent, a valued correspondent sends me some interesting particulars, which I here append :—

At the present moment there are between 1,500 and 2,000 motor-cars in private use in the Commonwealth, and the number is rapidly increasing, garages having become established in most of the cities and large townships. The retail prices most in favour range from £150 to £250, the main object of purchasers being to secure a strong and powerful vehicle, capable of great speed. The lower-priced motor-cars command a good sale for business purposes in the rural districts. So far the motor-'bus has not been quite a success, but it cannot be said to have had a fair trial. Everywhere it has had to encounter the opposition of vested interest, assisted by heavy import duties and a marked dislike on the part of the labour unions to encourage the introduction of vehicles constructed in Great Britain and elsewhere. As regards those imported for use in connection with the railways, the conditions were particularly unfair. They were not imported complete, the bodies being made in Sydney, while the routes selected were not largely frequented. Moreover, they were placed in charge of individuals inexperienced in their use; hence breakdowns were frequent and passengers few. Several 'bus proprietors in Sydney were prepared to establish motor-'bus services if they were allowed to select the routes, but that was refused, it being feared that they would come into competition with the State tramways.

I fancy we are not without similar experience on this side of the globe.

* * *

Miscellanea

Dublin's Automobile Exhibition, opened by Lord Grenfell, closes at the end of the current week.—Mr. F. C. Baisley, formerly of the Dunlop Tyre Company, has taken over the management of the Gladiator motor-car business in London.—Mr. Philip S. Foster has been re-elected president of the Midland Automobile Club.—Under the patronage of Prince Henry of Prussia, an International Motor Exhibition is to be held in Kiel from June 15 to 30.—Prizes of £150, £75, and £25, are offered for model flying machines in connection with the Aero Club's section of the Agricultural Hall Show, which opens on April 6.—Motorists driving at night through Uckfield in Sussex should beware of heaps of loose metal lying in the roadway at either end of the village.—Mr. Gerald Higginbotham, of Ivyholme, Macclesfield, has, in the Vienna courts, recovered £600 paid to M. Jellenck Mercédès as deposit on a racing car, which was not delivered in "reasonable time" after receipt of the order.

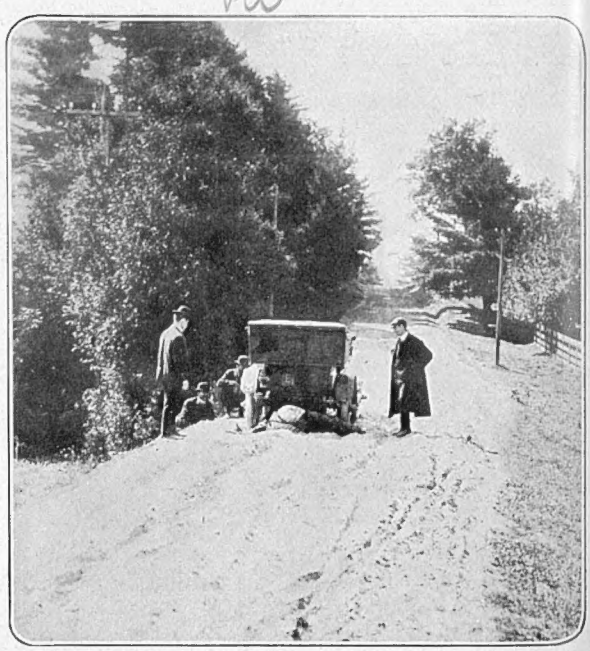

Photo *Topical Agency*

Motoring in Canada: "Something gone wrong"

Motoring in the Dominion is making rapid headway, though, of course, the primitive state of the roads in many places is the great drawback

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THOUSANDS OF BARGAINS.

Special Sale Catalogue sent free on request.

GENTLEMEN'S TAILORING (to order).

OVERCOATS, SPECIAL VALUE. Large and varied selection of materials, usual price, **35/-** to **42/-** **Sale price, 29/6**

LOUNGE SUITS. Stylish materials, fit guaranteed, usual price, **50/-** **Sale price, 42/-**

DRESS SUIT. Black Twill or Vicuna, with silk facings, usual price, **70/-** **Sale price, 63/-**

FROCK COAT AND VEST. Correct style, black or grey, usual prices, **55/-** and **65/-** **Sale prices, 45/-** and **55/-**

TROUSERS. Cashmeres, Scotch and West of England Cloths, usual prices, **16/-, 21/-** and **25/-** **Sale prices, 12/6, 16/-** and **18/**

FANCY WAISTCOATS. Exceptional value, usual prices, **12/6, 16/6** and **21/-** **Sale prices, 8/6, 10/6** and **15/-**

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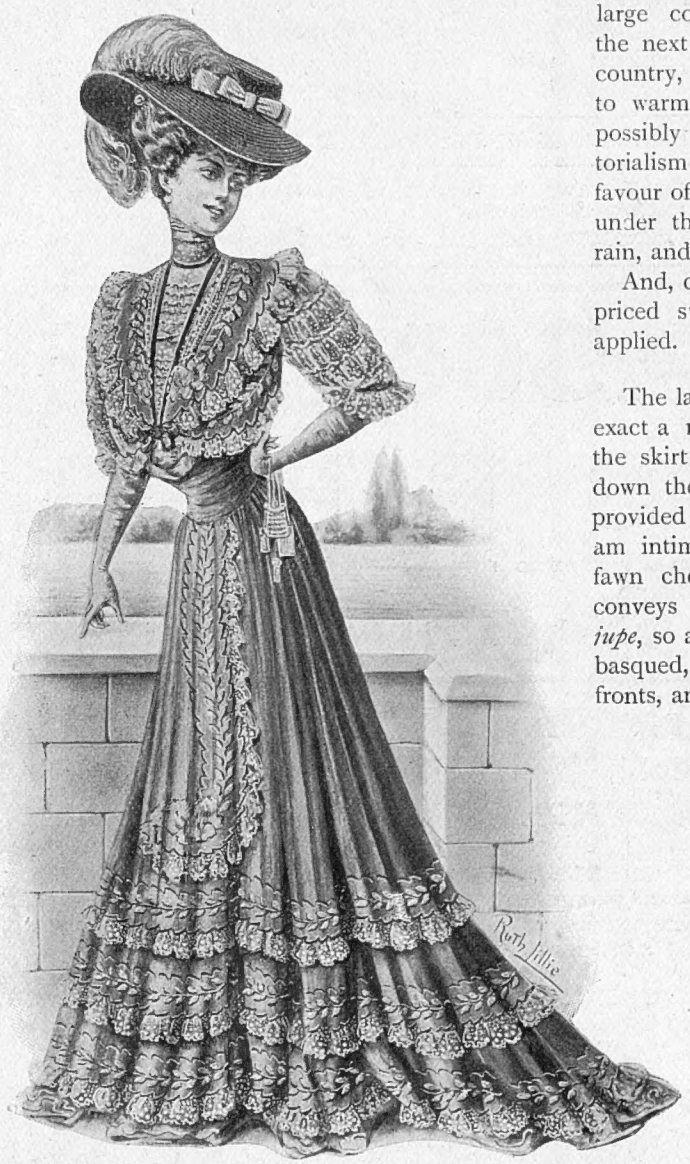
FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

Since I am writing these words at the commencement of the year I think it behoves me to wish all kind friends the compliments of the season. The making of good resolutions is an abiding law at the commencement of a fresh year, and where dress is concerned we women may cheerfully conform, buoyed up by the full conviction that they will be broken.



A Casino toilette for the Riviera

(Drawn by Ruth Lillie at Kate Newton's, 155, Great Portland Street)

From afar it is easily perceivable that the dress of 1907 is prepared to have a particular *allure*. We are going to be picturesque, individually, and wholly enchanting for moments *en grande tenue*, while the tailor-made, on the other hand, in its strictest sense, is assured of a large share of favour, by reason of the large community who golf and motor, and for the next few months are disposed to sojourn in the country, always supposing they have not gone South, to warmer and more congenial climes. It may possibly be force of comparison, the elevated sartorialism of the visiting toilette causing a reaction in favour of the severe coat and skirt costume, especially under the existing atmospheric conditions of snow, rain, and slush.

And, dear me! what a world away is the cheap-priced suit from that individually inspired and applied.

Seasonable Tailor-Mades

The large but broken checks, at present in favour, exact a master hand for their best expression, while the skirt of exceptional *éclat* carries a shaped seam down the centre front, by which means a flare is provided without excessive width. I know, indeed am intimately acquainted with, a broken grey and fawn check tweed—a gentlemanly tweed, if that conveys anything—that boasts an ankle-length *jupe*, so arranged that it is allied to a coat incidentally basqued, with close-fitting back and semi-fitting fronts, and rever collar of fawn *suéde*. There is not a superfluous button or strapping in the whole concern, while, to complete the *tout ensemble*, there was provided the dearest little squash fawn felt hat, stretched to a becoming width across the front, and adorned with a curious metallic-green feather mount.

A popular costume, the claims of which the sales will assuredly enhance, comprises a plain skirt and long Redingote type of coat. Or the latter can be had minus the skirt, and a more completely admirable purchase it would be impossible to desire. Built of cloth, in one of the fashionable Bordeaux reds, fig purples, or old-world baize-green, this Redingote wrap is a very host in